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THE ESSEX HOUSE SONG BOOK, BEING THE COLLECTION OF SONGS FORMED FOR THE SINGERS OF THE GUILD OF HANDICRAFT BY C. R. AND JANET E. ASHBEE, AND EDITED BY HER.

PREFACE.



N presenting to the public our completed Song Book, a few words as to its purpose, origin, and fulfilment are needed.

The following extract from my husband's note to the Essex House Press subscribers issued in 1903, when the work was first undertaken, may be in place here:—

"For some years past I have been at work on a collection of songs suitable for the young singers of the Guild of Handicraft at Essex House. The songs have for the most part been learned by heart, and they pass from mouth to mouth, but now the collection has grown so large that often the melodies only remain and the words go astray. I have thought it advisable therefore to print the collection; but in order to do this in a manner that shall be both worthy of the subject and up to the Essex House standard, I purpose inviting the co-operation of the subscribers to the Essex House Press. . . . The choice of songs is determined by the love and fancy of the singers, but the gamut is a wide one, and among the 200 or 300 songs chosen, may be found the Recessionals of King Henry V. after Agincourt, and of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, Lyrics of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, and Psalms of David, Old English Country Songs, Green and Purcell, and likewise Sullivan & Chevalier, and what is best in modern music hall and melody. The collection in short, is one with a motive; it is a collection, too, that seeks to be essentially English in the greater sense of the word, or as we at Essex House try to understand it."

The original intention here stated has been fulfilled as far as the conditions of copyright would allow.

We find that what has troubled some of our subscribers is the fact that for the most part the melodies alone are given, and that all harmony and accompaniment are omitted. A

small number only of the following songs had an original setting or harmony, either choral, or for the lute or other instrument. In several cases these have been given. But where the song was originally sung as a melody, the alternatives open to me were to write my own harmonies, or beg the copyright from the many composers who have adapted & reset these old songs. Neither course was really possible, so I have had to take the negative line of leaving the melodies in their original state.

There is however involved a further important point of principle. A song book postulates, to our thinking, a group of singers, and every group of singers should have at least one leader of sufficient training to place or guide an ordinary harmony—I do not mean the complex harmonies and accompaniments which it is fashionable to issue with modern songs, but the sort of harmony in which an Elizabethan or fifteenth century air was often sung, or in which we have ourselves heard quite untrained Welsh boys and Swiss peasants render their folk song. We believe that this—the human way—and no other, is the right way to treat the "sing song," & in the hope that others may feel as we do, we offer this collection.

As for its bulk, it might be much larger, but we venture to think it representative, & our only regret is that the course of our research has shown how immense has been the volume of English song and lyric that has been lost by comparison with what remains. This loss we attribute to the neglect & decay of folk song in the 100 years of English industrialism.

Perhaps as we develop our elementary and higher education, the force, beauty, and value of the "sing song" will be once again recognised, and then not only will such few of the remaining human documents as may yet be left, come again to light, but—what is much more important—the people will again themselves learn to sing, and to create in song.

I owe thanks to many musicians and experts for ready and kindly help; especially to Mr. W. Barclay Squire, Miss

Lucy E. Broadwood, Mr. J. R. Godlee, Father Carey, Professor Arber, and Mr. J. A. Fuller-Maitland.
I am fortunate in having had specially written for me songs by Messrs. Laurence Housman, John Masefield, Gerald Bishop, and C. R. Ashbee, and in having been able to add others which as far as I know have never yet appeared in print.

My thanks are also due:

To the Rev. S. Baring Gould and Messrs. Methuen & Co. for permission to print:

I would that the Wars were well over.
Jordan.
All round my Hat.
The Waggoner.
O Love is Hot & Love is Cold.
Somersetshire Wassail.
The Wind blows out of the West Country.
Jacky my Son.
The Padstow May Song.
High Germany.
Bold General Wolfe.
The Lark in the Morn.
The Beggar Man.
The Witty Shepherd.
The Poor Couple,

in "The Country Garland," and

The Cottage well thatched with Straw.
The Gipsy Countess.
The Golden Vanity.
The Grey Mare.
Green Broom.
Jan's Courtship.
The Painful Plough.
The Silly Old Man.
Strawberry Fair.
Sweet Nightingale.
The Wrestling Match,

in "Songs of the West."

To Mr. Rudyard Kipling for permission to print:

Recessional.

To Mrs. Lockwood Kipling for permission to print:

When my Ship comes Home from Sea.

To Messrs. Chappell & Co., Ltd. for permission to print the song Drink, Puppy, Drink.

To Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland and the Leadenhall Press, Ld. for permission to print The Song of Agincourt and Carol No. 11 from "English Carols of the 15th century," and

Sally Gray.
The Twelve Apostles.
Scarborough Fair.
The Wassail Bough.
King Arthur.
As I Sat on a Sunny Bank.
The Peace-egging Song. No. 1.
Young Herchard.
Green Broom.
The Cheshire Man.
The Servingman and the Husbandman.
The Souling Song.
I will give you the Keys of Heaven.
The Painful Plough.
The Nottinghamshire Poacher
Twanky Dillo.
In Bethlehem City.
The Reaphook & the Sickle.
Tarmut Hoeing.
The Jolly Ploughboy.
Sweet William.
The Sweet Nightingale.
Ground for the Floor.
The Seasons of the Year.
Twenty, Eighteen.
Robin-a-Thrush.
The Tree in the Valley.
The Golden Vanity.
My Johnny was a Shoemaker,

in "English County Songs."

To Mr. J. A. Matthews for permission to print:
'The Jolly Foresters,' which was in his possession.

Among the songs I had hoped to include, and which our singers have often sung, were 'The Last Chanty' of Rudyard Kipling, 'Willow our King,' and Reinecke's 'Eins, Zwei, Drei'; but unfortunately copyright permissions were not obtainable.
I have exercised great care to prevent the infringement of any copyright. If unintentionally I have gone astray I hope to be pardoned and will do my best to make good the fault.

JANET E. ASHBEE.

THE ESSEX HOUSE SONG BOOK.

1. SONGS OF PRAISE.

2. SONGS OF THE SEA.

3. SONGS OF LOYALTY AND THE LOVE OF THE LAND.

4. ROUNDS AND CATCHES.

5. SONGS OF THE COUNTRY AND THE TILLING OF THE SOIL.

6. SONGS OF SPORT.

7. SONGS OF THE TAVERN AND THE VINE.

8. WORKSHOP SONGS OR SONGS OF THE CRAFTS.

9. SONGS OF COMRADESHIP, LOVE, & COURTSHIP.

10. MISCELLANY OF SONG, IN WHICH ARE INCLUDED SONGS OF THE UNIVERSITIES AND SONGS OF PURE NONSENSE.
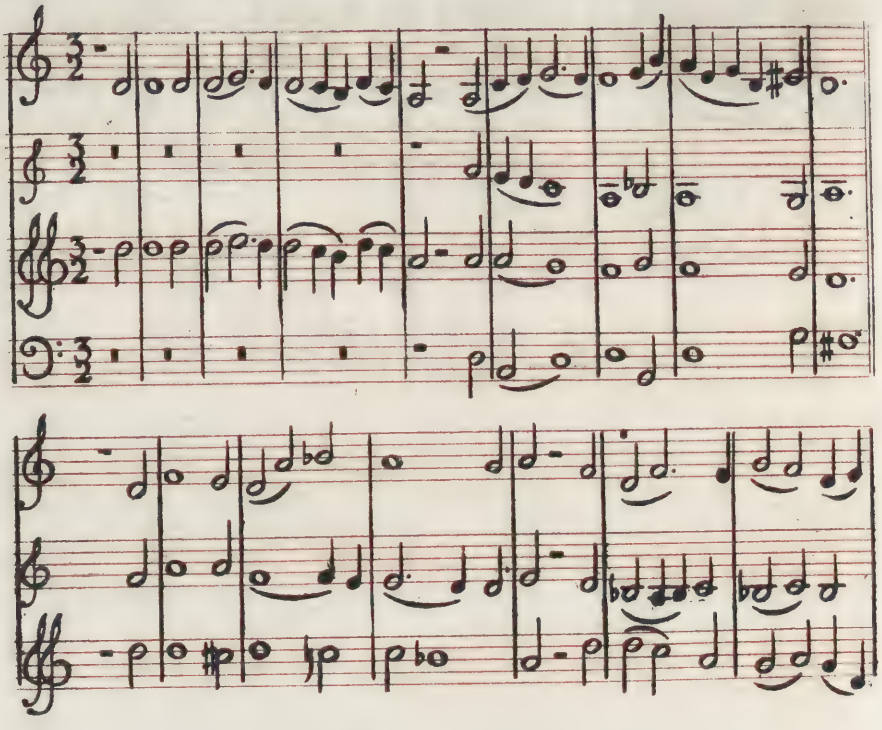


BEGINNETH THE
FIRST PART OF
THE SONG BOOK
OF THE GUILD OF
HANDICRAFT

SONGS OF PRAISE

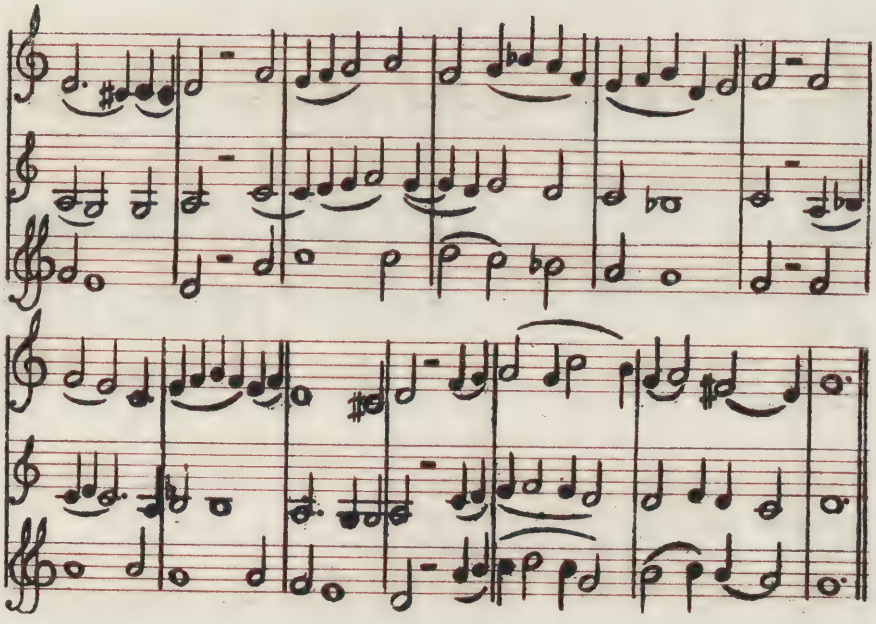


THE SONG OF AGINCOURT. 15th century.



Deo gracias Anglia, rede pro victoria.

Owre kynge went forth to normandy,
With grace and might of chyvalry:
Ther god fo him wrought mervelusly,
Wherefore englonde may calle and cry
Deo gracias anglia rede pro victoria.

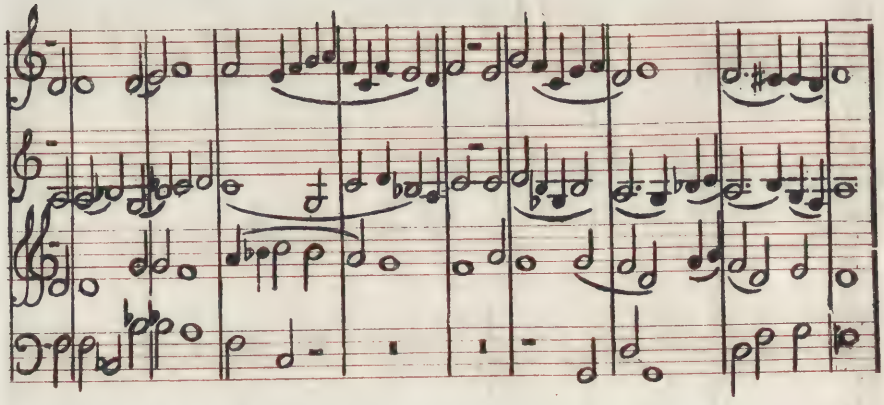


He sette a sege the sothe for to say,
To harffu toune with ryal aray:
That toune he wan and made afray,
That fraunce shall rywe tyl domesday.

Deo gracias anglia rede pro victoria.

Then went our Kynge with all his oste,
Thorwe fraunce for all the frenshe boste:
He spared no dread of lest ne moste,
Tyl he came to agincourt coste.

Deo gracias anglia rede pro victoria.



Than fórsoth that knyght comely,
In agincourt félde he fáught manly:
Thorw grace of god most mighty,
He had bothe the félde and the victory.

Deo gracias anglia rede pro victoria.

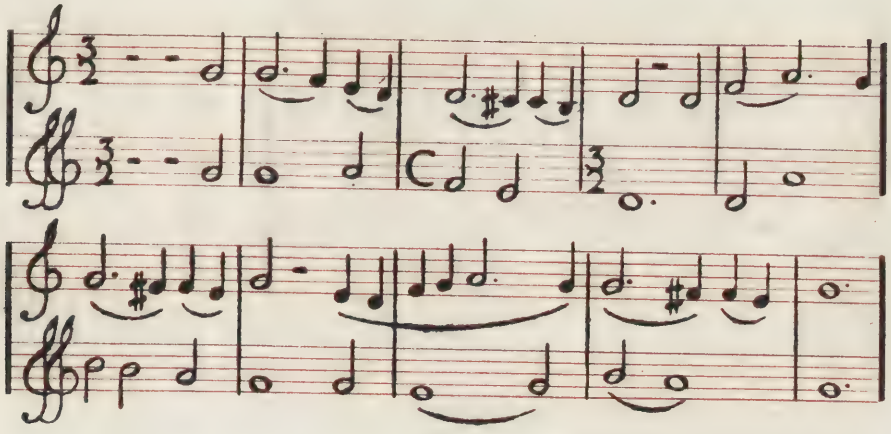
Ther Dukys and erlys, lorde and barone,
Were take and slayne, and that wel sone:
And summe were ladde into Londone,
With joye and merthe and grete renone.

Deo gracias anglia rede pro victoria.

Now gracious god he save owre Kynge,
His peple and all his wel wyllynge:
Gef him gode lyfe and gode endynge,
That we with merthe inowe savely sing.

Deo gracias anglia rede pro victoria.

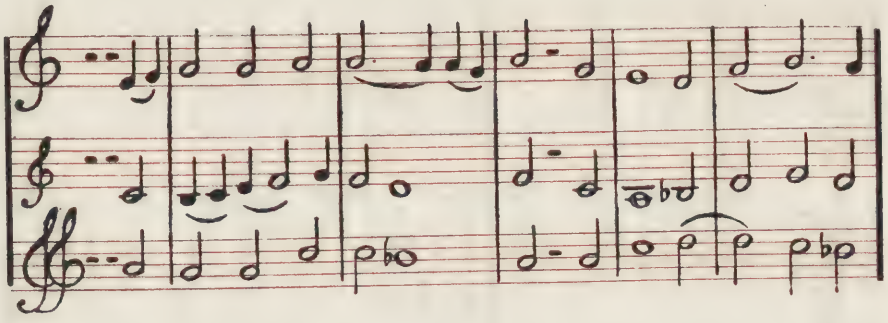
CHRISTMAS CAROL. 15th century.



Nowel Nowel Nowel,
To us is born our God Emmanuel.

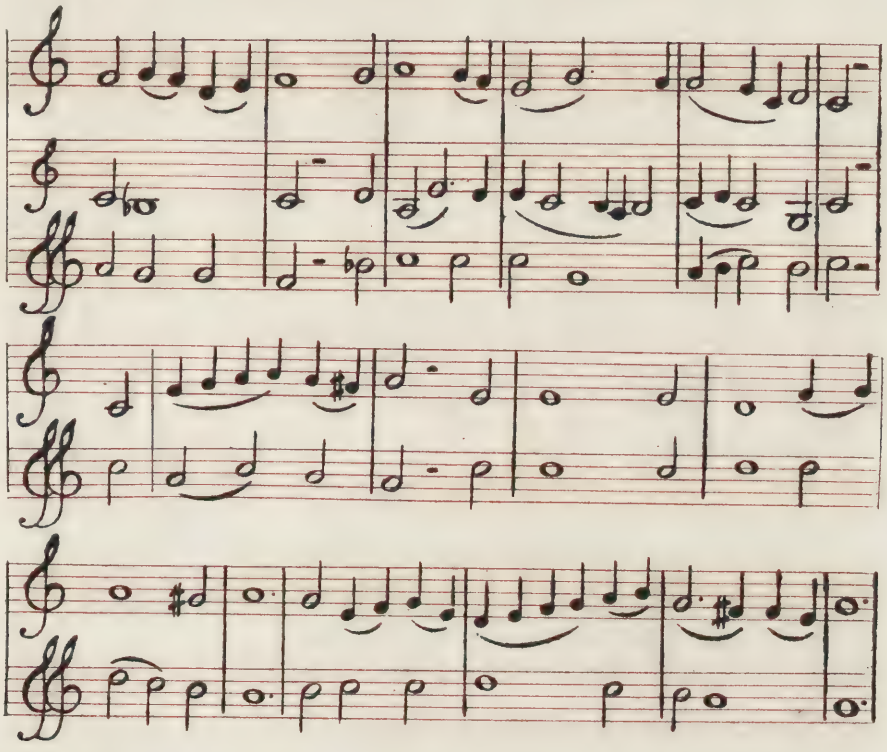
In Bethlem this berde of lyf
Is born of marye maydyn and wyf
He is bothe god and man I schrf. Nowel, nowel!
Thys prince of pees shal heal al stryf
And wone wyth us perpetuel.

This chyld shal bey us wyth hys bloyd
And be naylyd up on the royd
Hys raunsum pasyth al erdly goyd. Nowel, nowel!
Allas what wyght dar be so woyd
To sle so jentyl a nowel.



By hys powste he his emprys
Schal take fro helle at hys uprys
And save mankende upon this wys. Nowel, Nowel!
Thus telleth us the prophecys
That he is kyng of heven and helle.

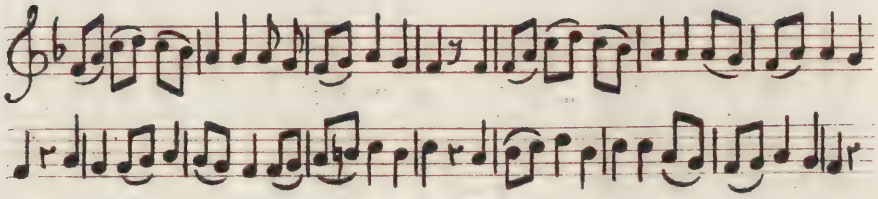
This maydenys sone to hys empere
Shal pass to hevene by his powere
Hys holy gost us alle schal lere. Nowel, Nowel!
Hys holy gost and the fadyr in feere,
Schul regne O God, this leve I well.



Pray we this chyld wyth good entent
In our deying he us present
On to hys fādyr omnipotent. Nowel, Nowel!
The fērst tydyngis of this testament
Browth to us seynt Gabryel.

IN BETHLEHEM CITY.

Northamptonshire.
Traditional.



In Bethlehem city, in Judea it was,
That Joseph and Mary together did pass;
All for to be taxed when thither they came,
For Caesar Augustus commanded the same.

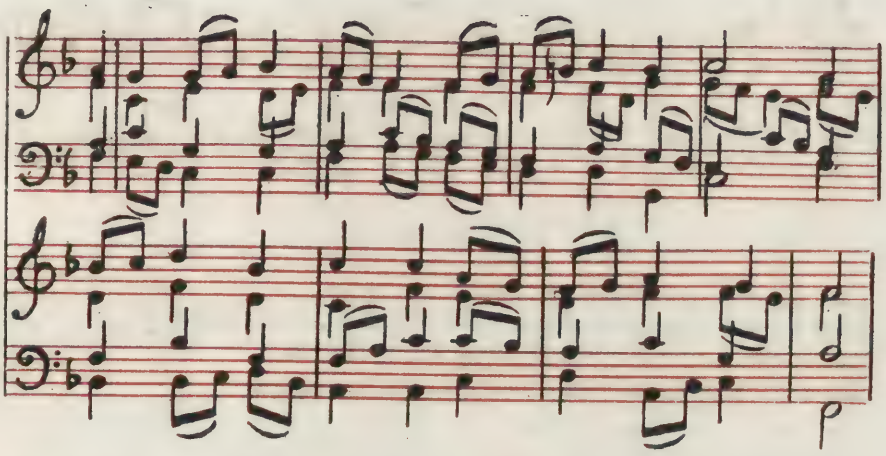
Chorus. Then let us be merry, cast sorrow away,
Our Saviour Christ Jesus was born on this day.

But Mary's full time being come as we find,
She brought forth her first-born to save all mankind;
The inn being full of the heavenly Guest,
No place could she find to lay him to rest.

Chorus. Then let us, &c.

Blest Mary, blest Mary, so meek and so mild,
All wrapped up in swathing this heavenly Child,
Contented she laid where oxen do feed,
The great God of nature approved of the deed.

Chorus. Then let us, &c.



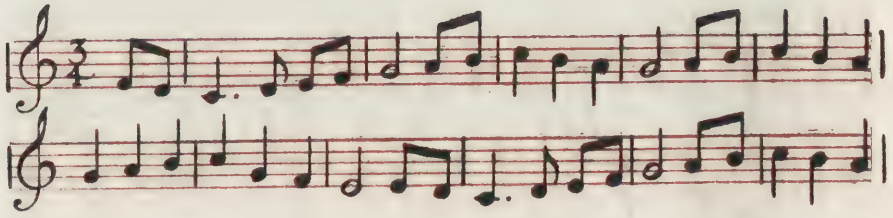
To teach us humility all this was done,
To learn us from hence haughty pride for to shun,
The manger His cradle Who came from above,
The great God of mercy, of peace and of love.

Chorus. Then let us, &c.

Then presently after the shepherds did spy,
Vast numbers of angels did stand in the sky;
So merry were talking, so sweetly did sing,
"All glory and praise to the heavenly King!"

Chorus. Then let us, &c.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.



The first Nowell the Angels did say,
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay,
In fields as they lay keeping their sheep
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.

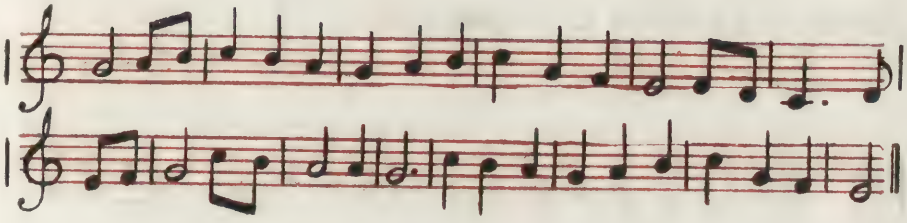
Chorus. Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel!

They looked up and saw a star
Shining in the East beyond them far,
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night.

Chorus. Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel!

And by the light of that same star
Three wise men came from country far
To seek for a King was their intent,
And to follow the star wherever it went.

Chorus. Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel!



This star drew nigh to the North West,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest
And there it did both stop and stay
Right over the place where Jesus lay.

Chorus. Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel!

Then entered in those Wise Men three
Full reverently upon their knee
And offered there in his presence
Their gold and myrrh and frankincense.

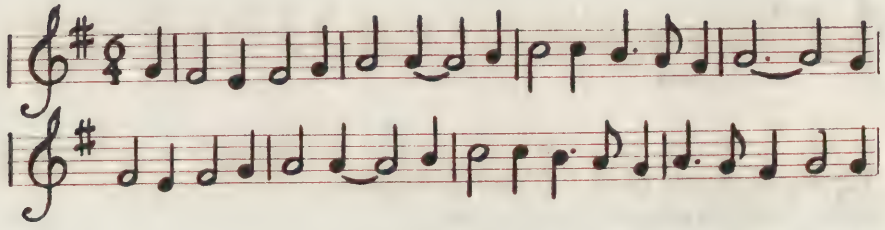
Chorus. Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel!

Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our Heavenly Lord
Who hath made Heaven and earth of nought
And with His blood mankind hath bought.

Chorus. Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel!

CHRISTMAS CAROL. Air: Row well, ye mariners: 1603.

Words by Laurence Housman. 1900.



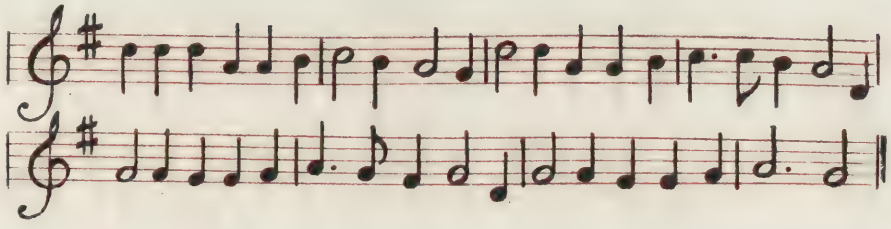
On Christmas night in the stable
The beasts were having a fight
As to which of them all was able
To serve our Lord aright,
As well as or better than mortal man;

Chorus. Sing Joseph, Joachim, Mary and Ann,
On Christmas night in the stable.

The ox got up and lowed,
Said he, "I gave my bed
When Mary, Mother of God,
Wished there to lay her head;
So was I our Lady's warming pan;"

Chorus. Sing Joseph, Joachim, Mary and Ann,
On Christmas night in the stable.

The lamb put forth his bleat,
Said he, "I gave my wool
To cover my Saviour's feet
They were so beautiful;



So I kept warm the Son of Man;"

Chorus. Sing Joseph, Joachim, Mary and Ann,
On Christmas night in the stable.

The ass stood out and brayed,
Said he, "When they took ffight
To Egypt, Child and Maid
I bore in a single night;
Faster than camel or horse I ran;"

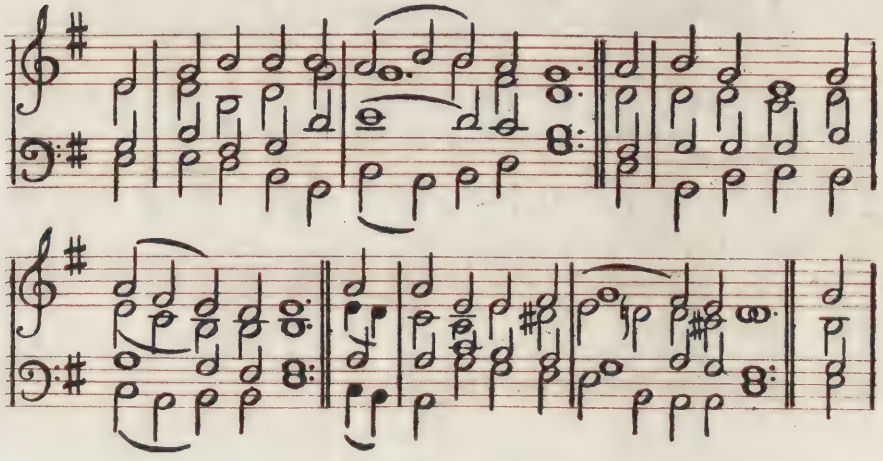
Chorus. Sing Joseph, Joachim, Mary and Ann,
On Christmas night in the stable.

On Christmas night in the stable
The beasts they made it plain
That if they ever were able
They'd do it over again,
As well as or better than mortal man;

Chorus. Sing Joseph, Joachim, Mary and Ann,
On Christmas night in the stable.

RECESSIONAL. Words by Rudyard Kipling. 1897.

Air: O come, O come Emmanuel, 15th Century.

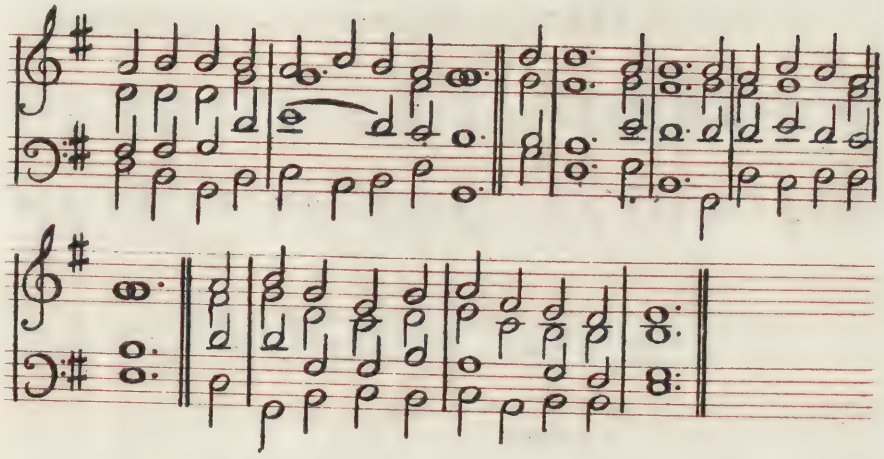


God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line:
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart:

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!



Far-called our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!

Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law—

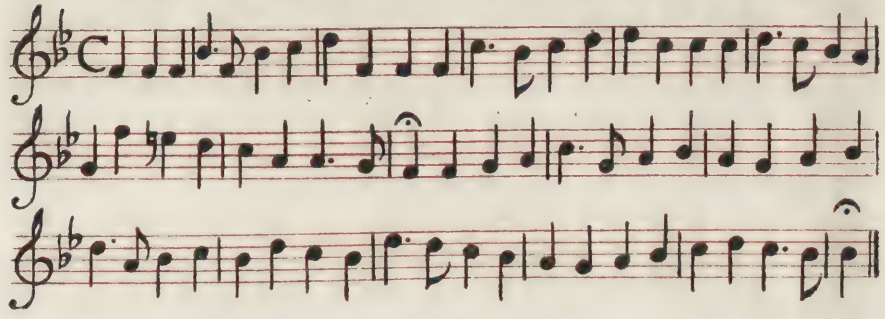
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,

For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord! Amen.

AN ODE.—THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT.

Words by Addison, 18th century—Air by Hopkins.



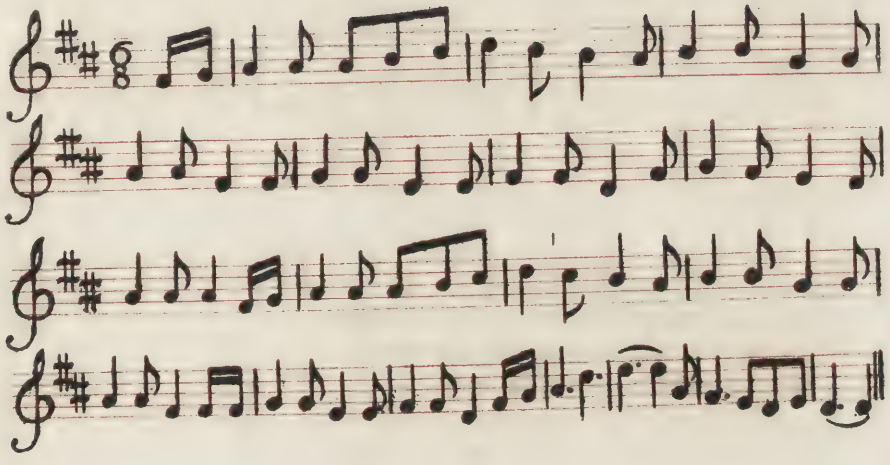
The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
Th' unweari'd sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes, to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wonderous tale:
And nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball,
What though, no real voice, nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found:
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
The hand that made us is Divine.

A SONG OF TWELVE.

Words by Laurence Housman. 1903.
Air: 'The Leather Bottèl.' 16th or 17th Century.



When Christ did his disciples call
He caused them to be twelve,
And here in God's fair garden all
He bade them dig and delve.

So they did well with a will;
And, willing to serve Him still,
Endured through good and ill
For our dear Lord who called them.

Now Peter was the first he met
Of all that noble crew;
And, casting by his fishing-net,
With him came Andrew, too.

And they did well with a will;
And, willing to serve Him still,
Endured through good and ill
For our dear Lord who called them.

Then after these He chose out John,
And joined with him came James:
They left the ship that they were on
To win them nobler names.

And they did well with a will
And, willing to serve Him still,
Endured through good and ill
For our dear Lord who called them.

And after these in a very short while
Our Lord did call apart
Nathaniel, he that knew no guile,
And Matthew from the mart.

So they did well with a will;
And, willing to serve Him still,
Endured through good and ill
For our dear Lord who called them.

And then came Philip, and then came Jude,
And Thomas without a doubt,
When Christ, who loves not solitude,
For comrades called them out.

And they did well with a will;
And, willing to serve Him still,
Endured through good and ill
For our dear Lord who called them.

And last of all, of saintly names
Which men have cause to bless,
He called on Simon and on James,
The which was James the less.

And they did well with a will;
And, willing to serve Him still,
Endured through good and ill
For our dear Lord who called them.

But our dear Lord had not forgot
The last price to be paid,
When He chose Judas Iscariot
By whom to be betrayed.

And he did wrong with a will;
And, willing his lot to fill,
Endured to work that ill
On our dear Lord who called him.

But when upon those saints did fall
The gift of tongues from heaven,
It pleased not our Lord at all
For twelve to find eleven.

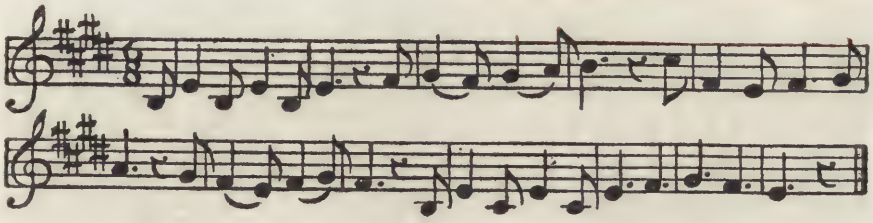
And so it came to pass,
On Pentecost at mass,
They chose out Matthias—
For our dear Lord had called him.

And when the twelve were thus complete,
The Church of Christ began;
And loud they told in field and street
The Word of Life to man:

So hearken all with a will,
And, willing to serve him still,
Endure through good and ill—
For our dear Lord has called you.

THE SNOW LAY ON THE GROUND.

Words Traditional.
Air by Joseph Moorat. 1902.



The snow lay on the ground, the stars shone bright,
When Christ Our Lord was born on Christmas night.
Venite, adoremus Dominum.

'Twas Mary, daughter pure of Holy Anne,
That brought into this world the God made man.
Venite, adoremus Dominum.

She laid him in a stall at Bethlehem;
The ass and oxen shared the roof with them.
Venite, adoremus Dominum.

St. Joseph too was by to tend the Child,
To guard Him and protect His Mother mild.
Venite, adoremus Dominum.

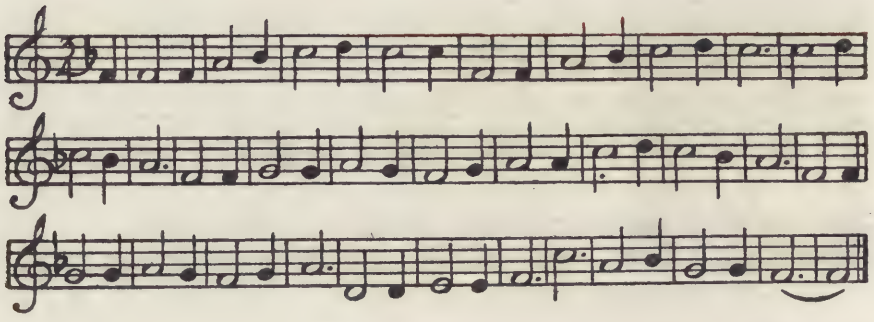
The Angels hovered round, and sung this song,—
Venite, adoremus Dominum.
Venite, adoremus Dominum.

And then that manger poor became a throne,
For He whom Mary bore was God the Son.
Venite, adoremus Dominum.

O come then, let us join the heavenly host,
To praise the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Venite, adoremus Dominum.

IN DULCI IUBILO.

Words from the German. Air: 14th century.



In dulci iubilo,
Now sing we all io:
He my love, my wonder,
Li'th in presepio,
Like any sunbeam, yonder
Matris in gremio:
Alpha es et O,
Alpha es et O,

O Patris Caritas,
O Nati lenitas;
All with us was over,
Per nostra crimina:
But then thou didst recover
Celorum gaudia:
O that we were there!
O that we were there

O Jesu parvule,
I yearn for thee alway:
Listen to my ditty,
O puer optime,
Have pity on me, pity:
O princeps glorie,
Trahe me post te.
Trahe me post te.

Ubi sunt gaudia
If that they be not there?
Angels there are singing,
Nova cantica.
Sweet bells the while a-ringing
In regis curia:
O that we were there!
O that we were there!

AT DEAD OF NIGHT.

Words by Laurence Housman. 1904.
Air: 'In Dulci Jubilo.'

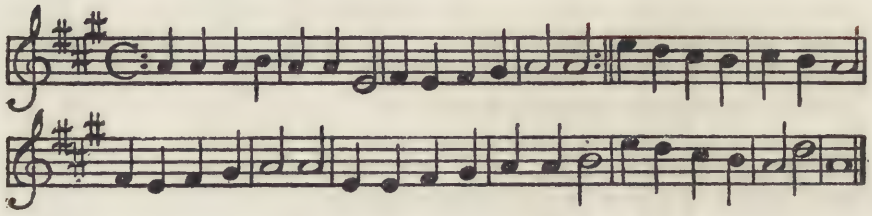
At dead of night, lo ye, lo ye!
When snow lay white and fãir to see,
Then down to earth came Gabriel,
Came Gabriel, came Gabriel,
And sang man mirth and wished him well,
For Christ His Birth he came to tell,
While Joy and Peace were dawning
At dawn of Christmas Day!

At dead of night, lo ye, lo ye!
A maiden bright and fãir to see
Hath brought to light her first-born Son,
Her first-born Son, her first-born Son,
And in a manger laid Him down.
So sin and danger get you gone!
While Joy and Peace are dawning
At dawn of Christmas Day!

At dead of night, lo ye, lo ye!
A Babe all bright and fãir to see
Hath come to light! Now sing, 'Noel'!
Now sing, 'Noel'! Now sing, 'Noel'!
From Heaven above, which loved Him well,
Of God His Love He comes to tell,
While Joy and Peace are dawning
At dawn of Christmas Day!

GOOD KING WENCESLAS.

Words by Dr. Neale.
Air: 'Tempus adest Floridum.'



Good King Wenceslas look'd out
On the feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about
Deep, and crisp, and even.
Brightly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight
Gath'ring winter fuel.

"Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou knowest it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"
"Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain;
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes's fountain."

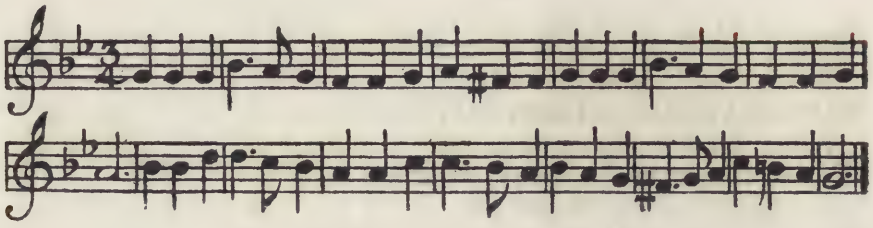
"Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine-logs hither;
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither."
Page and monarch forth they went,
Forth they went together,
Through the rude wind's wild lament,
And the bitter weather.

"Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer."
"Mark my footsteps, good my page,
Tread thou in them boldly:
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

In his Master's steps he trod
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.
Therefore Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor
Shall yourselves find blessing.

REMEMBER, O THOU MAN.

1611.
Air by Ravenscroft.



Remember, O thou man, O thou man, O thou man:
Remember, O thou man, thy time is spent.
Remember, O thou man, how thou art dead and gone:
And I did what I can, therefore repent.

Remember Adam's fall, O thou man, O thou man:
Remember Adam's fall, from heaven to hell;
Remember Adam's fall, how we were condemned all
In hell perpetual there for to dwell.

Remember God's goodness, O thou man, O thou man:
Remember God's goodness and his promise made;
Remember God's goodness, how he sent his Son, doubtless
Our sins for to redress;—Be not afraid.

The angels all did sing, O thou man, O thou man;
The angels all did sing upon the shepherds' hill;
The angels all did sing praises to our heavenly King,
And peace to man living, with a good will.

The shepherds amazed were, O thou man, O thou man;
The shepherds amazed were, to hear the angels sing;
The shepherds amazed were, how it should come to pass,
That Christ, our Messias, should be our King.

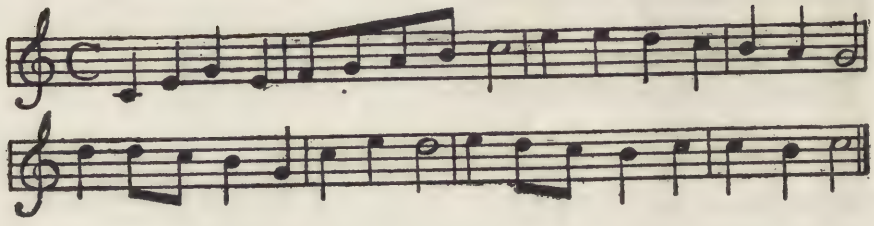
To Bethlem they did go, O thou man, O thou man;
To Bethlem they did go, the shepherds three;
To Bethlem they did go, to see wh'er it were so or no,
Whether Christ were born or no, to set man free.

As the angels before did say, O thou man, O thou man;
As the angels before did say, so it came to pass;
As the angels before did say, they found a babe where it lay,
In a manger, wrapped in hay, so poor he was.

In Bethlem he was born, O thou man, O thou man;
In Bethlem he was born for mankind's sake;
In Bethlem he was born for us that were forlorn,
And therefore took no scorn our flesh to take.

Give thanks to God always, O thou man, O thou man;
Give thanks to God with heart most joyfully;
Give thanks to God alway, for this our happy day—
Let all men sing and say, Holy, holy.

THE HYMN OF S. FRANCIS.



Praise, O praise our God and King;
Hymns of adoration sing;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Praise Him that he made the sun
Day by day his course to run;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Praise Him that He gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain;
For His mercies still endure
Ever fãithful, ever sure;

And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield;
For His mercies still endure
Ever fãithful, ever sure.
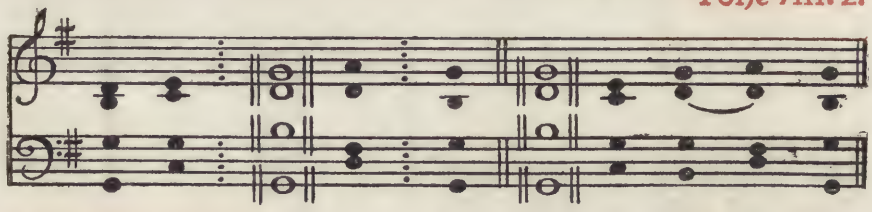
Praise Him for our harvest-store,
He hath fill'd the garner-floor;
For His mercies still endure
Ever fãithful, ever sure.

Let us then with gladsome mind
Praise the Lord for he is kind.
For his mercies still endure
Ever fãithful, ever sure.
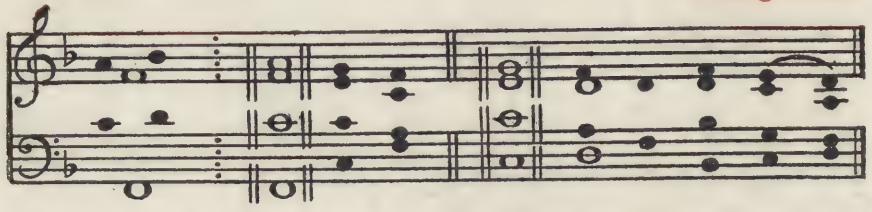
THE SONG OF THE THREE CHILDREN IN THE OVEN.

From the Apochrypha.

Tone viii. 2.



Alternative Tone. Peregrinus.



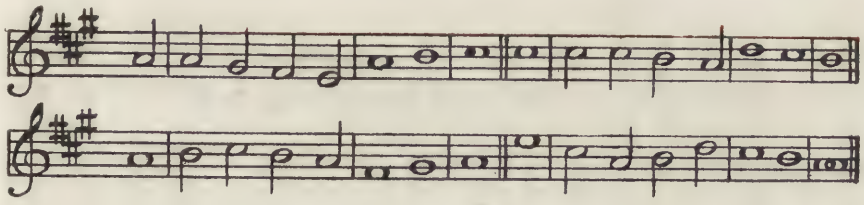
Blessed art thou, O Lord God of our fathers:
And to be praised and exalted above all for ever.
And blessed is thy glorious and holy Name:
And to be praised and exalted above all for ever.
Blessed art thou in the temple of thine holy glory:
And to be praised and glorified above all for ever.
Blessed art thou that beholdeth the depths,
And sittest upon the Cherubims,
And to be praised and exalted above all for ever.
Blessed art thou on the glorious Throne of thy kingdome:
And to bee praised and glorified above all for ever.
Blessed art thou in the firmament of heaven:
And above all to be praised and glorified for ever.
O all yee workes of the Lorde, blesse ye the Lord:
Praise and exalt him above all for ever.
O ye heavens, blesse ye the Lord:
Praise and exalt him above all for ever.

O yee Angels of the Lord, blesse ye the Lord:
Praise and exalt him above all for ever.
O all ye waters that be above the heaven, blesse yee the Lord:
Praise and exalt him above all for ever.
O yee Sunne and Moone, blesse ye the Lord:
Praise and exalt him above all for ever.
O ye starres of heaven, blesse ye the Lord:
Praise and exalt him above all for ever.
O every showre and dew, blesse ye the Lord:
Praise and exalt him above all for ever.
O all ye windes, blesse yee the Lord:
Praise and exalt him above all for ever.
O yee fire and heate, blesse ye the Lord:
Praise and exalt him above all for ever.
O ye Winter and Summer, blesse ye the Lord:
Praise and exalt him above all for ever.
O ye dewes and stormes of snow, blesse ye the Lord:
Praise and exalt him above all for ever.
O ye nights and dayes, blesse ye the Lord:
Praise and exalt him above all for ever.
O ye light and darkenesse, blesse ye the Lord:
Praise and exalt him above all for ever.
O yee yce and colde, blesse ye the Lord:
Praise and exalt him above all for ever.
O ye lightnings and clouds, blesse ye the Lord:
Praise and exalt him above all for ever.
O let the earth blesse the Lord:
Praise and exalt him above all for ever.
O ye mountaines and little hils, blesse ye the Lord:
Praise and exalt him above all for ever.
O yee fountaines, blesse ye the Lord:
Praise and exalt him above all for ever.

O ye seas and rivers, blesse ye the Lord:
Praise and exalt him above all for ever.
O ye whales and all that moove in the waters, blesse ye the Lord:
Praise and exalt him above all for ever.
O all ye foules of the aire, blesse ye the Lord:
Praise and exalt him above all for ever.
O all ye beasts and cattell, blesse ye the Lord:
Praise and exalt him above all for ever.
O ye children of men, blesse yee the Lord:
Praise and exalt him above all for ever.
O Israel blesse ye the Lord:
Praise and exalt him above all for ever.
O ye priests of the Lord, blesse ye the Lord:
Praise and exalt him above all for ever.
O ye servants of the Lord, blesse ye the Lord:
Praise and exalt him above all for ever.
O ye spirits and soules of the righteous, blesse ye the Lord:
Praise and exalt him above all for ever.
O Ananias, Azarias, and Misael, blesse ye the Lord,
Praise and exalt him above all for ever;
For hee hath delivered us from hell,
And saved us from the hand of death;
And delivered us out of the mids of the furnace, (and) burning flame:
Even out of the mids of the fire hath he delivered us.
O give thanks unto the Lord, because he is gracious:
For his mercie endureth for ever.
O all ye that worship the Lord, blesse the God of gods,
Praise him, and give him thanks:
For his mercie endureth for ever.

ALL PEOPLE THAT ON EARTH DO DWELL.

Words by Rev. W. Keith.
Air: Old Hundredth from the Genevan Psalter. 1543.



All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

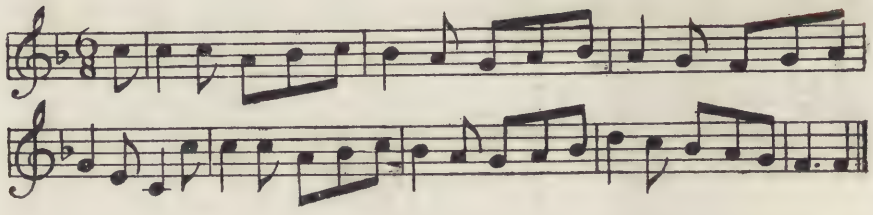
Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

AS I SAT ON A SUNNY BANK.

Hertfordshire Traditional.



As I sat on a sunny bank, a sunny bank, a sunny bank,
As I sat on a sunny bank,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

I saw three ships come sailing in, come sailing in, come sailing in,
I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

I askèd them what they had in, what they had in, what they had in,
I askèd them what they had in,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

They said they had the Saviour in, the Saviour in, the Saviour in,
They said they had the Saviour in,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

I askèd them where they found Him, where they found Him, where they found Him,
I askèd them where they found Him,
On Christmas Day in the morning.
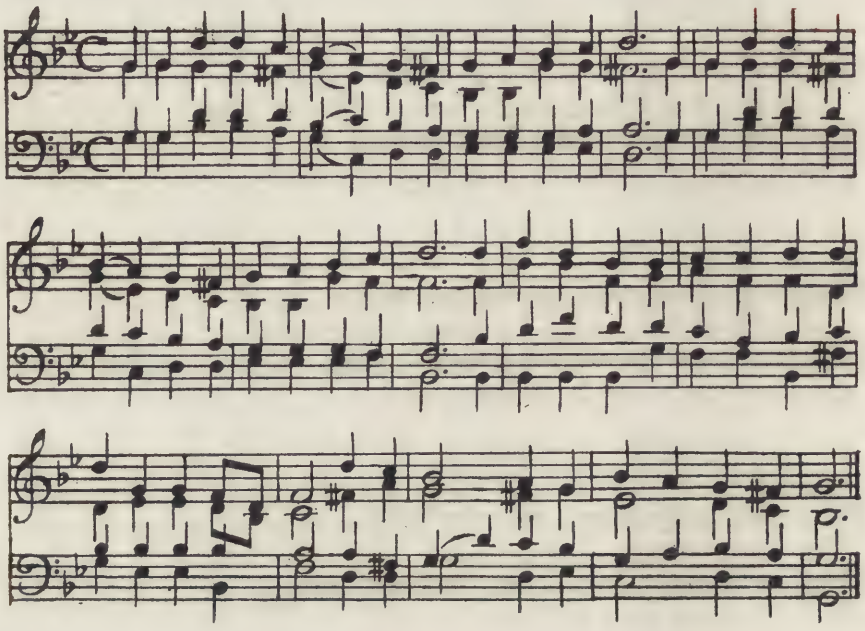
They said they found Him in Bethlehem, in Bethlehem, in Bethlehem,
They said they found Him in Bethlehem,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Now all the bells on earth shall ring, on earth shall ring, on earth shall ring,
Now all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the angels in Heaven shall sing, in Heaven shall sing, in Heaven shall sing,
And all the angels in Heaven shall sing,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

GOD REST YE, MERRY GENTLEMEN.

Traditional.



God rest ye, merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay;
Remember Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas day,
To save poor souls from Satan's power, which long have gone astray,
And it's tidings of comfort and joy.

From God that is our Father the blessed angels came,
Unto some certain shepherds with tidings of the same,
That there was born in Bethlehem the Son of God by name,
And it's tidings of comfort and joy.

"Go, fĕar not;" said God's angel, "let nothing you affright,
For there's One born in Bethlehem, of a pure Virgin bright,
One able to advance you, and throw down Satan quite,"
And it's tidings of comfort and joy.

The shepherds at those tidings rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a-fēeding in tempest storms of wind;
And straight they came to Bethlehem, the Son of God to find.
And it's tidings of comfort and joy.
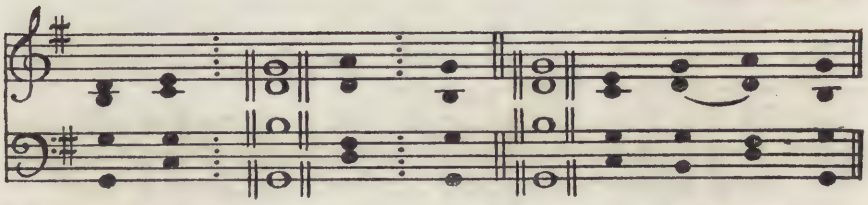
Now, when they came to Bethlehem, where our sweet Sa-
viour lay,
They found Him in a manger, where oxen fĕd on hay;
They blessed the Virgin, kneeling down, and to the Lord
did pray,
And it's tidings of comfort and joy.

With sudden joy and gladness the shepherds were beguiled,
To see the babe of Israel before His mother mild;
O, then, with joy and cheerfulness, rejoice each mother's
child.
And it's tidings of comfort and joy.

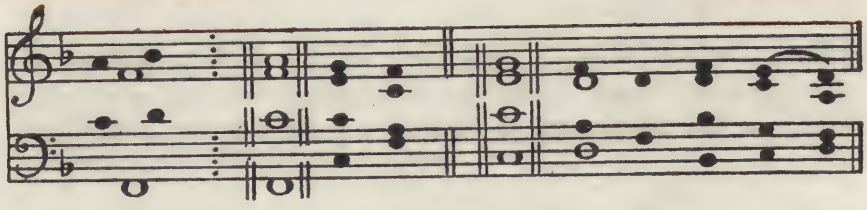
God bless the ruler of this house, & send him long to reign,
And many a merry Christmas may live to see again,
Among your frĭends and kindred, that live both fār & near,
And God send you a happy New Year.

PSALM CIII.

Tone viii. 2.



Alternative Tone. Peregrinus.



1 PRAISE the Lord, O my soul : and all that is within me praise his holy Name.

2 Praise the Lord, O my soul : & forget not all his benefits;

3 Who forgiveth all thy sin : & healeth all thine infirmities;

4 Who saveth thy life from destruction : and crowneth thee with mercy and loving-kindness;

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things : making thee young and lusty as an eagle.

6 The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment : for all them that are oppressed with wrong.

7 He showed his ways unto Moses : his works unto the children of Israel.

8 The Lord is full of compassion & mercy : long-suffering, and of great goodness.

9 He will not alway be chiding : neither keepeth he his anger for ever.

10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins : nor rewarded us according to our wickednesses.

11 For look how high the heaven is in comparison of the earth : so great is his mercy also toward them that fēar him.

12 Look how wide also the east is from the west : so fār hath he set our sins from us.

13 Yea, like as a fāther pitieth his own children : even so is the Lord merciful unto them that fēar him.

14 For he knoweth whereof we are made : he remembereth that we are but dust.

15 The days of man are but as grass : for he flourisheth as a flower of the fīeld.

16 For as soon as the wind goeth over it, it is gone : and the place thereof shall know it no more.

17 But the merciful goodness of the Lord endureth for ever and ever upon them that fēar him : and his righteousness upon children's children;

18 Even such as keep his covenant : and think upon his commandments to do them.

19 The Lord hath prepared his seat in heaven : & his kingdom ruleth over all.

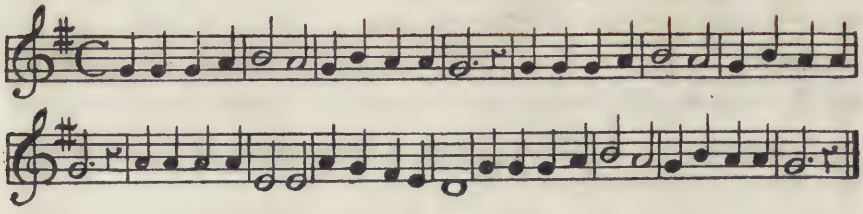
20 O praise the Lord, ye angels of his, ye that excel in strength : ye that fūlfīl his commandment, and hearken unto the voice of his words.

21 O praise the Lord, all ye his hosts : ye servants of his that do his pleasure.

22 O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of his, in all places of his dominion : praise thou the Lord, O my soul.

CAROL.

Words, Mediaeval Traditional.
Air: 'Au clair de la lune.' French traditional.



Adam lay i-bowndyn, bowndyn in a bond;
Fowre thousand winter thowt he not too long.

And al was for an appil, an appil that he took,
As clerkes fyndyn wretyn in here booke.

Ne hadde the appil take ben, the appil taken ben;
Ne had never our lady a bene hevene qwen.

Blyssid be the time that appil take was!
Therfore we mown syngyn Deo gracias.

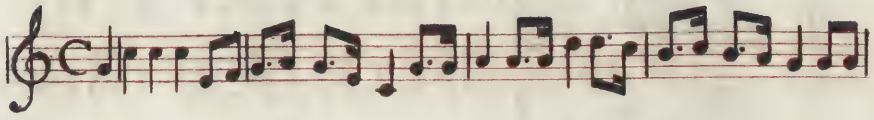
SONGS OF THE SEA,



EING PART THE SECOND OF THE SONG BOOK OF THE GUILD OF HANDICRAFT.

THE GOLDEN VANITY.

Devonshire traditional.



There was a ship came from the north country,
And the name of the ship was the Golden Vanity,
And they fëared she might be taken by the Turkish enemy

That sails upon the Lowland, Lowland,
That sails upon the Lowland sea.

Then up there came a little cabin boy,
And he said to the skipper, "What will you give to me,
If I swim alongside of the Turkish enemy,

And sink her in the Lowland, Lowland,
And sink her in the Lowland sea?"

"O I will give you silver, and I will give you gold,
And my only daughter your bride for to be,
If you'll swim alongside of the Turkish enemy,

And sink her in the Lowland, Lowland,
And sink her in the Lowland sea."



Then the boy made him ready, and overboard sprang he,
And he swam alongside of the Turkish enemy,
And with his auger sharp in her side he bored holes three,

And he sank her in the Lowland, Lowland,
And he sank her in the Lowland sea.

Then the boy turned round, and back again swam he,
And he cried out to the skipper of the Golden Vanity;
But the skipper did not heed, for his promise he would need;

And he left him in the Lowland, Lowland,
And he left him in the Lowland sea.

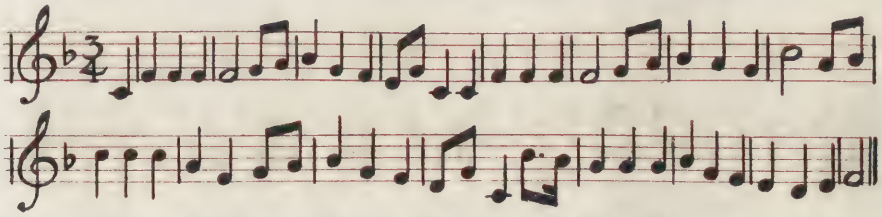
Then the boy swam round, and came to the port side,
And he looked up at his messmates, and bitterly he cried,
"O messmates take me up, for I'm drifting with the tide,

And I'm sinking in the Lowland, Lowland,
And I'm sinking in the Lowland sea!"

Then his messmates took him up, but on the deck he died;
And they sewed him in his hammock that was so large & wide,
And they lowered him overboard—but he drifted with the tide,

And he sank beneath the Lowland, Lowland,
And he sank beneath the Lowland sea.

FAREWELL AND ADIEU. Seamen's traditional.



Farewell and Adieu, all you fine Spanish ladies:
Farewell and Adieu, all you ladies of Spain;
For we're under orders to sail for old England,
And perhaps we may never more see you again.
Chorus. We'll rant and we'll roar like true British sailors,
We'll range and we'll roam over all the salt seas,
Until we strike soundings in the Channel of England:
From Ushant to Scilly 'tis thirty-five leagues.

We hove our ship to when the wind was sou'-west, boys,
We hove our ship to for to strike soundings clear;
Then we filled our main-topsail and bore right away, boys, °
And away up the Channel our course we did steer.
Chorus. We'll rant, &c.

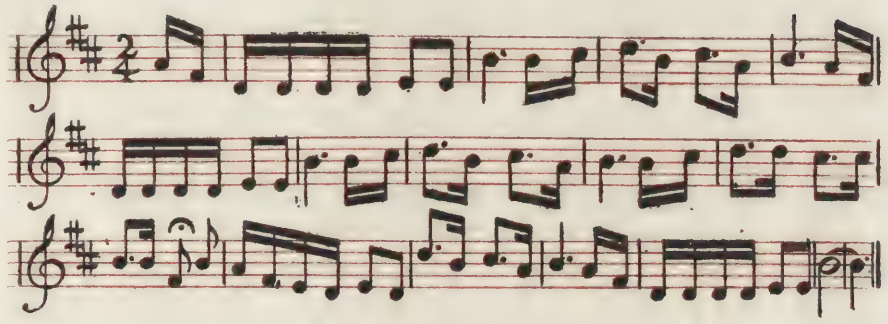
The first land we made it is known as the Deadman,
Next Ram Head near Plymouth, Start, Portland, & Wight;
We sailed past Beachy, past Fairly and Dungeness,
And then bore away for the South Foreland Light.
Chorus. We'll rant, &c.

Then the signal was made for the grand fleet to anchor,
All, all in the Downs that night for to meet;
So stand by your stoppers: see clear your shank-painters;
Haul all your clue-garnets, stick out tacks and sheets.
Chorus. We'll rant, &c.

Now let every man toss off a full bumper,
Now let every man toss off a full bowl;
For we will be jolly and drown melancholy
With a health to each jovial and true-hearted soul.
Chorus. We'll rant, &c.

° Alternative line: There was forty-five fathoms & a clear sandy bottom.

MY JOHNNY WAS A SHOEMAKER.



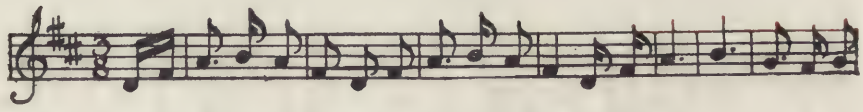
My Johnny was a shoemaker, and dearly he loved me;
My Johnny was a shoemaker, but now he's gone to sea;
With nasty pitch to soil his hands;
And sail upon the stormy sea.
My Johnny was a shoemaker.

His jacket was a deep sky blue, and curly was his hair,
His jacket was a deep sky blue, it was I do declare.
To reef the topsail now he's gone;
And sail across the stormy sea.
My Johnny was a shoemaker.

And he will be a captain by and bye, with a brave & gallant crew,
And he will be a captain by and bye, with a sword & spyglass too.
And when he is a captain bold
He'll come back to marry me.
My Johnny was a shoemaker.

BLOW THE MAN DOWN.

Seamen's chanty.



Solo. I'll sing you a song, a good song of the sea,
Chorus. To my aye, oh, blow the man down!
Solo. And trust that you'll join in the chorus with me;
Chorus. Give me some time to blow the man down.

There was an old skipper, I don't know his name,
To my aye, oh, blow the man down!
Although he once played a remarkable game,
Give me some time to blow the man down.

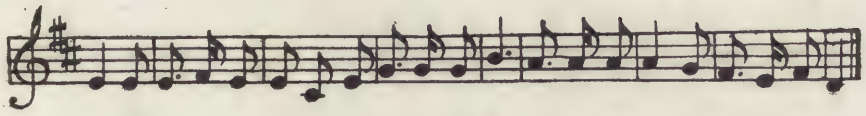
For his ship lay becalmed in the tropical seas,
To my aye, oh, blow the man down!
And he whistled all day, but in vain, for a breeze.
Give me some time to blow the man down.

But a seal heard his whistle and loudly did call,
To my aye, oh, blow the man down!
"Roll up your white canvas, jib, spanker, and all,"
Give me some time to blow the man down.

I'll bring some good fish to consult, if you please,
To my aye, oh, blow the man down!
The best way to get you a nice little breeze,"
Give me some time to blow the man down.

The first fish to come was a hoary old shark,
To my aye, oh, blow the man down!
Saying, "I'll eat you up if you play any lark,"
Give me some time to blow the man down.

The next was a whale, aye, the biggest of all,
To my aye, oh, blow the man down!
He climbed up aloft and he let each sail fall,
Give me some time to blow the man down.



The mack'rel came next, with his pretty striped back,
To my aye, oh, blow the man down!
He hauled aft each sheet and he boarded each tack,
Give me some time to blow the man down.

The herring came, saying, "I'm King of the Seas,"
To my aye, oh, blow the man down!
"If you want any wind I'll blow you a breeze,"
Give me some time to blow the man down.

But the skipper the mackerel ate for his tea,
To my aye, oh, blow the man down!
The herring he salted, the seal harpooned he,
Give me some time to blow the man down.

He baited a hook, and he thought it a lark,
To my aye, oh, blow the man down!
To catch as he did, that hoary old shark,
Give me some time to blow the man down.

Then he killed the old whale, which was no easy task,
To my aye, oh, blow the man down!
And soon with sperm oil he had filled up each cask,
Give me some time to blow the man down.

Then the breeze it blew gaily, and gaily went he,
To my aye, oh, blow the man down!
But what an old rascal that skipper must be,
Give me some time to blow the man down.

Blow the man down, Johnny, blow the man down,
To my aye, oh, blow the man down!
If he be white man, or black man, or brown,
Give me some time to blow the man down.

WHEN MY SHIP COMES HOME FROM SEA.

Words by Mrs. Lockwood Kipling. Air: "My ship came sailing over the sea." (Cornish traditional).



"O a golden comb for golden hair,
And milk white pearls for a neck as fāir,
And silver chains, and all for me
The day my ship comes home from sea.

"O silken broideries green and blue,
And wrought with crimson through and through,
With coral and amber; all for me
The day my ship comes home from sea."

"And where is the good ship sailing from,
That brings these brave things safely home?
And by what name do you hail her free,
And who is her captain on the sea?"

"My ship comes sailing from the west,
And her name is called 'The Sailor's Rest';
The bravest man of all her crew,
Her captain, is my lover true."



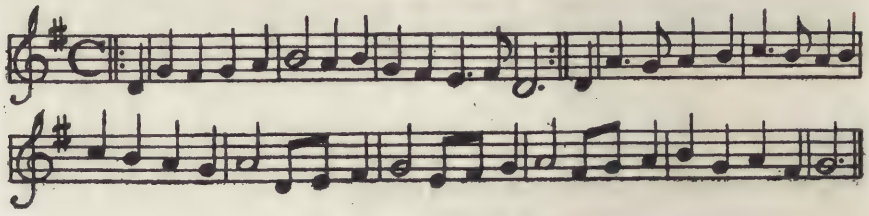
"O never will that ship come home,
Wherever she be sailing from:
I warmed my hands beneath the stars
By a fire made of her broken spars.

"And three days dead the Captain lay,
But how he died no man may say;
I laid him out by the pale moon-rise,
And made a shroud of the broideries.

"With coral and gold I weighted him,
And still he was light enough to swim;
With silver chains I bound him down:
There was never a corpse so hard to drown.

"His black hair lines an eagle's nest
On a sea-girt cliff in the lonesome west:
Now jet for coral there must be,
And instead of amber, ebony."

YOU GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND,
Or WHEN STORMY WINDS DO BLOW. 1686.



You gentlemen of England that live at home at ease,
How little do you think upon the dangers of the seas;
Give ear unto the mariners and they will plainly show,
All the cares and the fears when the stormy winds do blow.

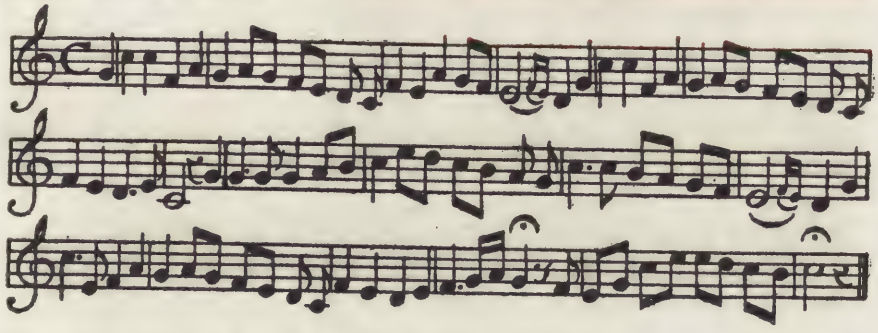
The sailor must have courage, no danger must he shun,
In every kind of weather his course he still must run;
Now mounted on the topmast, how dreadful 'tis below:
Then we ride as the tide when the stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us, and England is at war
With any foreign nation, we fear not wound or scar;
To humble them come on, lads—their flags we'll soon lay low;
Clear the way for the fray, though the stormy winds do blow.

Sometimes in Neptune's bosom our ship is tossed by waves,
And every man expecting the sea to be our graves;
Then up aloft she's mounted, and down again so low,
In the waves on the seas when the stormy winds do blow.

But when the danger's over and safe we come on shore,
The horrors of the tempest we think of them no more;
The flowing bowl invites us and joyfully we go,
All the day drink away, though the stormy winds do blow.

TOM BOWLING. Words and Air by Charles Dibden.



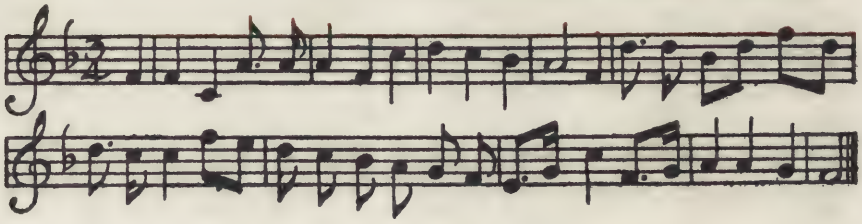
Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For Death has broach'd him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft. But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare;
His friends were many and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair:
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly;
Ah, many's the time and oft!
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft. For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus Death, who kings and tars despatches,
In vain Tom's life has doffed;
For though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft. His soul is gone aloft.

I STOOD ON A MIGHTY MOUNTAIN.

Air: German Folksong, 'Ich stand auf hohem Berge.'
Words by Janet E. Ashbee.



I stood on a mighty Mountain
  Looking over the sea;
And there I spied a ship at anchor,
There I spied a ship riding at anchor,
  And she beckoned to me.

Then she signalled with white flags,
  With flags green and blue;
And the captain sent me out a little boat,
Sent me out a little leaping jolly boat
  With the pick o' his ship's crew.

We tossed in the yellow sunset,
  We climbed the ship's side;
And the captain paced about the quarterdeck,
Yes, the captain paced the windy quarterdeck,
  As he watched for the tide.

She'd a cargo of crimson roses
And anemones blue;
And eleven ton of shining beryl stones,
Yes, eleven ton of sea-green beryl stones
For to make her ride true.

"Say, captain, where's she bound for
With her cargo of flowers?"
"Oh, we're sailing out into the West, my lad,
Sailing out into the wondrous West, my lad,
For a thousand good hours.

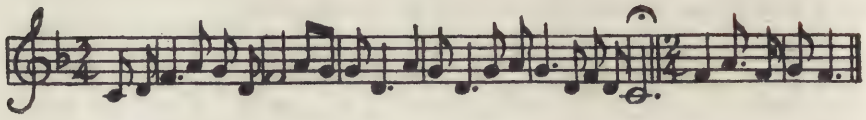
"We are bound for the Isle of Fancy,
Under moonlight, through foam;
And who knows if we shall land our beryl stones,
Land our hundred bags of shining beryl stones,
Or our brave ship bring home."

"If her masts now should be broken,
Her compass be lost;
If the captain should misread his reckoning,
Through the western stars misread his reckoning
Ere the green sea be crossed?"

"Nay, tear up the gallant anchor,
Let all her sails run;
And we'll cheer the merry lads of Devonshire,
(Yes, we're all of us stout lads of Devonshire!)
And away towards the Sun!"

TOM'S GONE TO ILO.

Seamen's Chanty.



Solo. Tommy's gone, what shall I do?
Chorus. Ho heigh; heigh ho!
Solo. Tommy's gone, and I'll go too,
Chorus. Tom's gone to Ilo.

I wish my Tom was back again,
Ho heigh; heigh ho!
Instead of sailing o'er the main,
Tom's gone to Ilo.
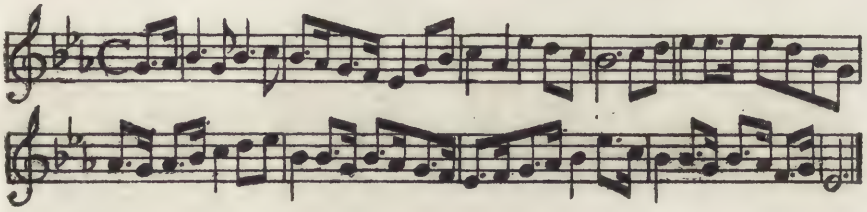
Tom is dead and gone to hell,
Ho heigh; heigh ho!
Oh Tom is dead and gone to hell,
Tom's gone to Ilo.

My Tom is young, my Tom is kind,
Ho heigh; heigh ho!
A truer man you could not find,
Tom's gone to Ilo.

Oh! Tommy this to me did say,
Ho heigh; heigh ho!
"Think of me when I'm away,"
Tom's gone to Ilo.

Tommy's gone, what shall I do?
Ho heigh; heigh ho!
Tommy's gone, and I'll go too,
Tom's gone to Ilo.

THE MERMAID.



On Friday morn, as we set sail,
And our ship not far from land,
We there did espy a fair, pretty maid,
With a comb & a glass in her hand, her hand, her hand,
With a comb and a glass in her hand,

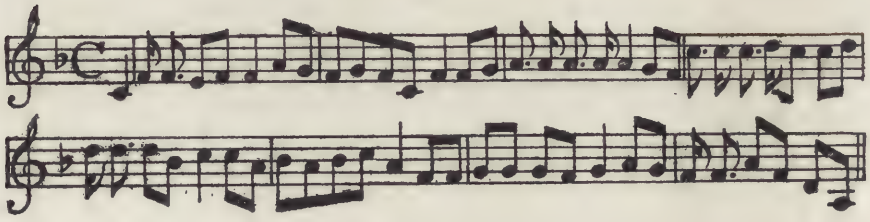
Chorus.
For the raging seas did roar,
And the stormy winds did blow;
And we jolly sailor boys were all up aloft,
And the land lubbers lying down below, below, below,
And the landsmen were all down below.

Then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship,
And a gallant captain was he:
"I have married a wife in fair London town,
And this night she a widow will be."
While the raging seas, &c.

And then up spoke the little cabin-boy,
And a fair-haired boy was he:
"I've a father and mother in fair Portsmouth town,
And this night they will weep for me."
For the raging seas, &c.

Then three times round went our gallant ship,
And three times round went she:
For the want of a lifeboat they both went down,
As she sank to the bottom of the sea.
For the raging seas, &c.
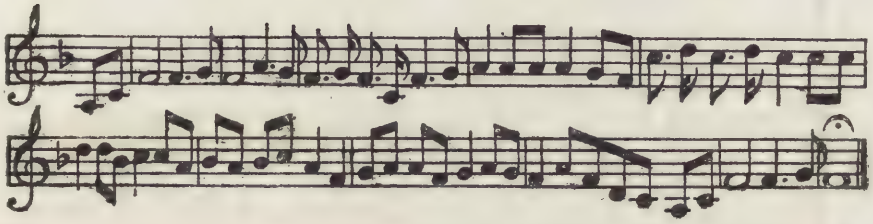
AMBLE IS A FINE TOWN. Seamen's Chanty.



Oh! Amble is a fine town, with ships about the bay,
And I'm fain and very fain to be there myself to-day,
Yes! I'm wishing from my heart I was făr and făr from here,
A-sitting in my parlour and talking to my dear.

Chorus.
And it's home, dearie, home! Oh, it's home I long to be!
My top-sails are hoisted and I must out to sea;
For the oak, and the ash, and the bonnie birchen tree,
They're all a-growin' green in the North Countree,
And it's home, dearie, home!

Oh! listen to the wind that comes piping from the West,
Of every wind that blows 'tis the one I love the best,



For it's blowing at our backs, and it shakes the pennon
free,
And it soon will blow us home to the bonny North
Countree.

And it's home, dearie, home! &c.

Her letter's come at last, yet somehow I cannot speak,
Though the proud and happy tears they go rolling down
my cheek;
For "There's some-one here," she writes, "we've been
longing so to see,
With your merry hazel eyes smiling up from off my knee."

And it's home, dearie, home! &c.

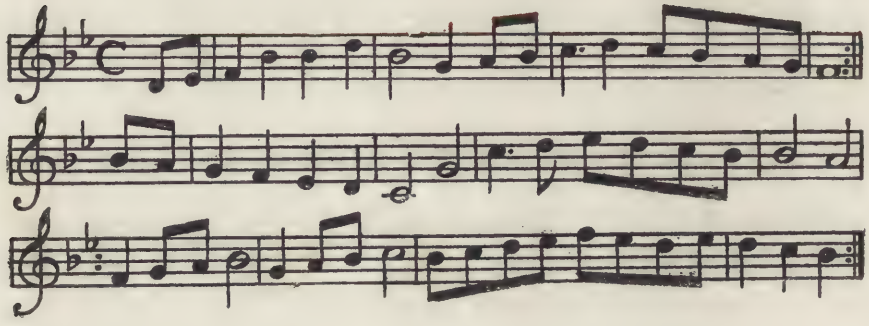
Oh! if it be a lass, she shall wear a golden ring,
And if it be a lad, he shall live to serve his King;
With his buckles, and his boots, and his little jacket blue,
He shall walk the quarter-deck, as his daddy used to do.

And it's home, dearie, home! &c.

THE BAY OF BISCAY.

Words by Andrew Cherry.

Air by John Davy.



Loud roars the dreadful thunder
The rain a deluge show'rs,
The clouds are rent asunder
By lightning's vivid pow'rs;
The night was drear and dark;
Our poor devoted bark,
Till next day, there she lay
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Chorus. Till next day, there she lay
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Now dash'd upon the billow
Her op'ning timbers creak;
Each fears a wat'ry pillow,
None stop the dreadful leak;
To cling to slipp'ry shrouds
Each breathless seaman crowds,
As she lay, till next day
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Chorus. As she lay, till next day
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

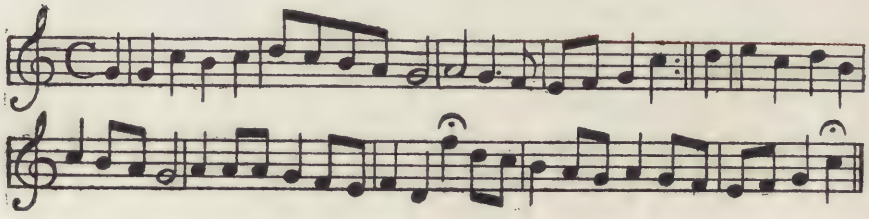
At length the wish'd-for morrow
Breaks through the hazy sky;
Absorb'd in silent sorrow,
Each heaves a bitter sigh.
The dismal wreck to view
Strikes horror to the crew—
As she lay, on that day,
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Chorus. As she lay, on that day,
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Her yielding timbers sever,
Her pitchy seams are rent;
When heav'n, all bounteous ever,
Its boundless mercies sent:
A sail in sight appears,
We hail her with three cheers;
Now we sail, with the gale,
From the Bay of Biscay, O!

Chorus. Now we sail, with the gale,
From the Bay of Biscay, O!

TO ALL YOU LADIES. Words by Lord Buckhurst. 1664.



To all you ladies now on land,
We men at sea indite;
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write:
The muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you.

With a fa, la la la, la la, la la la, la.

For though the muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain;
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we
Roll up and down our ships at sea.

With a fa, la &c.

Then if we write not by each post,
  Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude your ships are lost,
  By Dutchmen or by wind:
Our tears we'll send a speedier way—
The tide shall bring them twice a day.

With a fa, la la la, la la, la la la, la.

The King, with wonder and surprise,
  Will swear the seas grow bold,
Because the tides will higher rise
  Than e'er they us'd of old:
But let him know it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall stairs.

With a fa, la la la, la la, la la la, la.

Should fŏggy Opdam chance to know
  Our sad and dismal story;
The Dutch would scorn so weak a fŏe,
  And quit their fort at Goree:
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind

With a fa, la la la, la la, la la la, la.

Let wind and weather do its worst,—
Be you to us but kind,—
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we shall find:
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.

With a fa, la la la, la la, la la la, la.

To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main;
Or else at serious ombre play;
But why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue?
We were undone when we left you.

With a fa, la la la, la la, la la la, la.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away:
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play:
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.

With a fa, la la la, la la, la la la, la.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in every note;
As if it sigh'd with each man's care,
For being so remote:
Think then how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were play'd.

With a fa, la la la, la la, la la la, la.

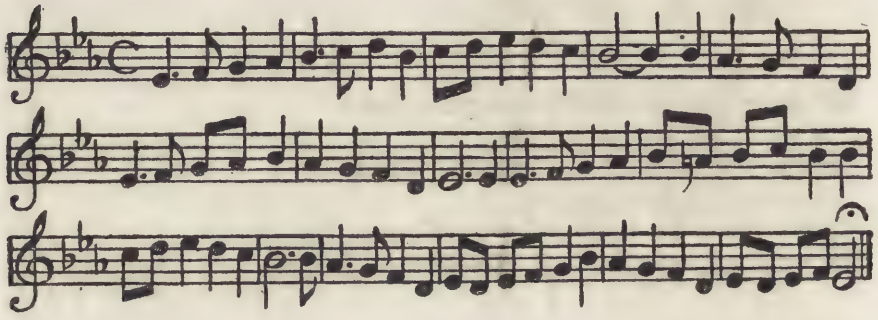
In justice you cannot refuse,
To think of our distress;
When we for hopes of honour lose
Our certain happiness:
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.

With a fa, la la la, la la, la la la, la.

And now we've told you all our loves.
And likewise all our fears;
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity for our tears:
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea.

With a fa, la la la, la la, la la la, la.

WE BE THREE POOR MARINERS. 1609.



We be three poor mariners
  Newly come home from seas;
We spend our lives in jeopardy
  While ye live here at ease.

So we'll go dance around, around, around,
So we'll go dance around;
And he that is a bully, bully boy,
Come pledge me on this ground, a-ground, a-ground.

We care not for your martial men
  That do the state disdain;
But we care for your sailor lads
  That do the state maintain.

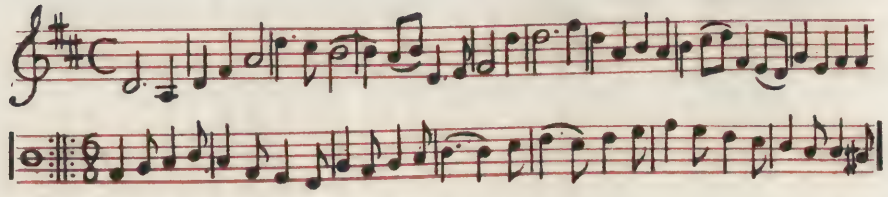
So we'll go dance around, around, around,
So we'll go dance around;
And he that is a bully, bully boy,
Come pledge me on this ground, a-ground, a-ground.



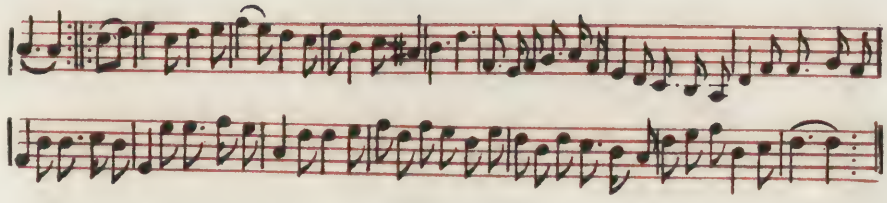
THE SONGS OF LOYALTY AND THE LOVE OF THE LAND,

BEING THE THIRD PART OF THE SONG BOOK OF THE GUILD OF HANDI-CRAFT.

THE CLEAR CAVALIER. 1682.



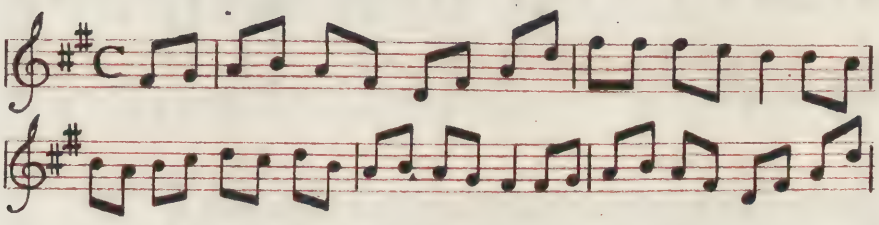
He that is a clear Cavalier will not repine
Although his substance grow so very low that he cannot
drink wine.
Fortune is a lass will embrace, but soon destroy.
Born free, in liberty we'll ever be, & still sing 'vive le Roy.'
Virtue is its own reward,
And fortune is a jade
Whom none but fools and knaves regard,
Or e'er implore for aid.
He that is a lusty Roger,
And will serve his King,
Although he be a tattered soldier,
Yet will skip and sing.
While we who fight for fame, boys!
Shall the ways of honour prove. All
They who make sport of us shall fall short of us:
Fate will flatter them, and will scatter them;
Whilst our loyalty looks to Royalty,
We that live peacefully may be sucessfully
Crowned with a crown at last.
And though an honest man, boys!
May now be quite undone, he'll
Show his allegiance, love, and obedience—
They will raise him up, honour stay him up,
Virtue keep him up, we will praise him up;
While the vain courtiers dine with bottles full of wine,
Honour will hold him fast.



Freely let's be then, honest men, and kick at fãte,
For we shall live to see our loyalty be valued at high rate;
He that bears a sword, or says a word against the throne—
That doth profãnely prate, against the State, no loyalty can own.
What though plumbers, painters, players
  Now be prosperous men;
Let us but mind our own affairs,
  And they'll come round again.
Treachery may in fãce look bright,
  And lechery clothe in fũr;
A traitor may be made a knight,
  'Tis 'fortune de la guerre.'
But what is that to us, boys!
That are right honest men. We'll
Conquer and come again,
Beat up the drum again.
Hey for Cavaliers, ho for Cavaliers,
Drink for Cavaliers, fight for Cavaliers.
Dub a dub, dub a dub, have at old Beelzebub—
  Oliver quakes for fẽar.
Fifth monarchy must down, boys!
And every sect in town, we'll
Rally and to't again, give them the rout again,
Fly like light about, fãce to the right about,
Charge them home again, seize our own again.
Tantara, rara.—And this is the life of an
  Honest, bold Cavalier.

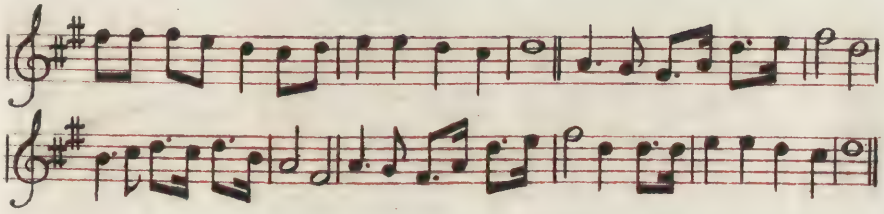
MARCHING ON.

Words by William Morris. Air—'John Brown's Body.'



What is this the sound and rumour? What is this that all men
hear?
Like the wind in hollow valleys when the storm is drawing
near,
Like the rolling on of ocean in the eventide of fear?
'Tis the people marching on!
Whither go they, and whence came they? What are these of
whom ye tell?
In what country are they dwelling 'twixt the gates of heaven
and hell?
Are they mine or thine for money? Will they serve a master
well?
Still the rumour's marching on!

Chorus. Hark; the rolling of the thunder!
Lo! the sun, and lo! thereunder,
Riseth love with hope and wonder,
And the host comes marching on.



Forth they come from grief & torment; on they wend toward
health and mirth;
All the wide world is their dwelling, every corner of the earth.
Buy them, sell them, for thy service: Try the bargain what
'tis worth.
For the days are marching on!
These are they who build thy houses, weave thy raiment, win
thy wheat;
Smooth the rugged, fill the barren, turn the bitter into sweet;
All for thee this day and ever. What reward for them is meet?
Till the host comes marching on!
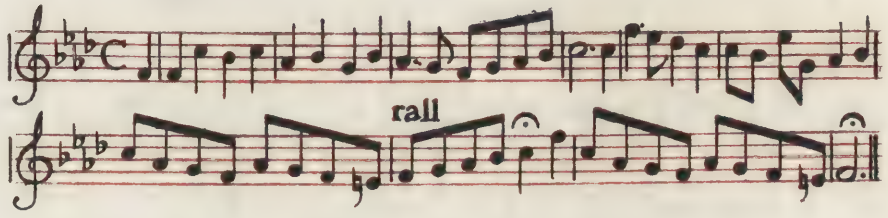
Chorus. Hark the rolling, &c.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are
stored;
He hath loosed the fāteful lightning of his terrible swift sword.
His truth is marching on!
In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born, across the sea;
With a glory in his bosom that transfīgures you and me.
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make them frēe!
While the host is marching on!

Chorus. Hark the rolling, &c.

THE CHESHIRE MAN.

18th century. Cheshire traditional.



A Cheshire man sailed into Spain
To trade for merchandize,
When he arrived from the main
A Spaniard him espies: A Spaniard him espies.

Who said, "You English rogue here!
What fruit and spices fine
Our land produces twice a year!
Thou hast not such in thine."

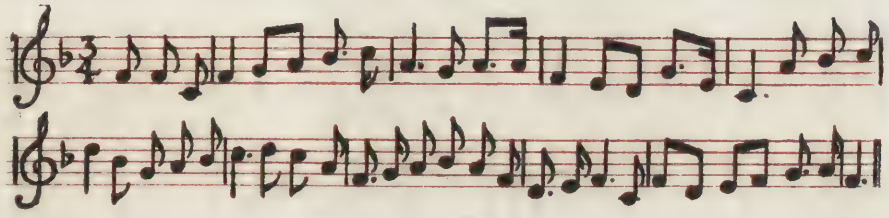
The Cheshire man ran to his hoard,
And fetched a Cheshire cheese,
And said, "Look here, you dog! behold!
We have such fruits as these. We have such fruits as these.

Your fruits are ripe but twice a year,
As you yourself do say;
But such as I present you here,
Our land brings twice a day."

The Spaniard in a passion flew,
And his rapier took in hand;
The Cheshire man kicked up his heels,
Saying, "Thou art at my command." "Thou art at my command."

So never let the Spaniard boast,
While Cheshire men abound:
Lest they should teach him to his cost
To dance a Cheshire round. To dance a Cheshire round.

BOLD GENERAL WOLFE. 18th century.



Bold General Wolfe to his men did say,
"Come, lads, and follow without delay
To yonder mountain that is so high.
Don't be down-hearted.
Don't be down-hearted, but gain the Victory.

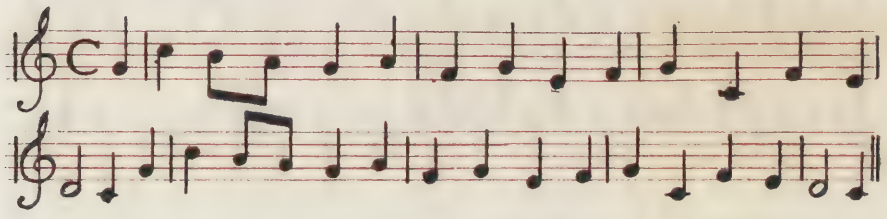
"There stand the French on the summit high,
While we poor lads in the valley lie;
I see them falling like motes in the sun,
Through smoke and fire.
Through smoke and fire, all from the British gun."

The first of volleys to us they gave,
In his left breast wounded Wolfe so brave.
Yonder he lies, for he cannot stand;
Yet fight on boldly,
Yet fight on boldly, for he can still command.

"Here's all my treasure that you behold,
A thousand guineas in shining gold;
Share it among you," bold Wolfe did say,
"You're welcome to it,
You're welcome to it, since you have gained the day.

"When to old England you do return,
Tell all my friends I am dead and gone;
And bid my mother so kind and dear,
No tears to shed for me,
No tears to shed for me,—a hero's grave awaits me here."

THE VICAR OF BRAY. Written by a soldier in Colonel Fuller's Dragoons. Reign of George I.

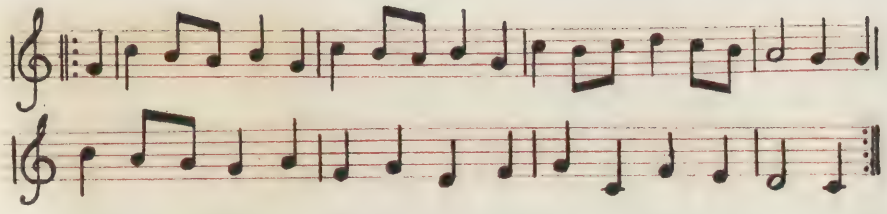


In good King Charles's golden days, when loyalty no harm
meant,
A zealous highchurchman was I, and so I got preferment.
To teach my flock I never missed kings were by God ap-
pointed,
And lost are those that dare resist or touch the Lord's anointed.

And this is law that I'll maintain until my dying day, Sir:
That whatsoever King shall reign I'll be the Vicar of Bray, Sir.

When Royal James possessed the crown, and popery grew in
fãshion,
The penal laws I hooted down and read the Declaration:
The Church of Rome I fõund would fit fũll well my constitu-
tion;
And I had been a Jesuit but for the Revolution.
And this is law, &c.

When William was our King declared to ease the nation's
grievance;
With this new wind about I steered & swore to him allegiance:
Old principles I did revoke, set conscience at a distance;
Passive obedience was a joke, a jest was non-resistance.
And this is law, &c.



When Royal Anne became our queen, the church of England's glory,
Another fãce of things was seen, and I became a Tory:
Occasional conformists base, I blamed their moderation;
And thought the Church in danger was by such prevarication.

And this is law, &c.

When George in pudding time came o'er and moderate men looked big, Sir,
My principles I changed once more, & so became a Whig, Sir;
And thus preferment I procured from our new fãith's defender;
And almost every day abjured the Pope and the Pretender.

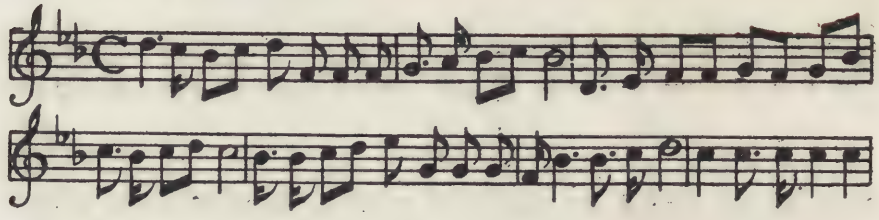
And this is law, &c.

Th' illustrious house of Hanover and Protestant Succession,
To these I do allegiance swear—while they can keep possession;
For in my fãith and loyalty I never more will fãlter,
And George my lawful king shall be until the times do alter.

And this is law, &c.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

Words and Music by Henry C. Work.

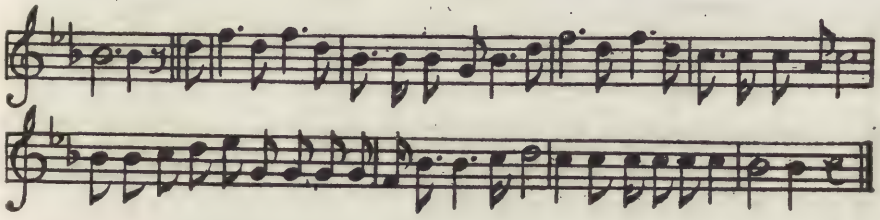


Bring the good old bugle, boys, we'll sing another song,
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along,
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia!

Hurrah! hurrah! we bring the Jubilee!
Hurrah! hurrah! the flag that makes you free!
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkies shouted when they heard the joyful sound,
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found;
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,
While we were marching through Georgia!

Hurrah! hurrah! &c.



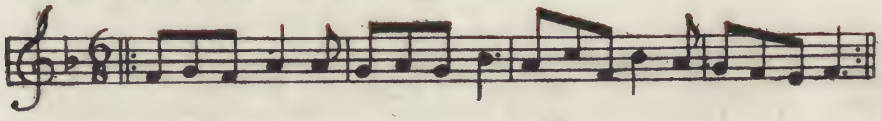
Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears,
When they saw the honoured flag they had not seen for years;
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking fŏrth in cheers,
While we were marching through Georgia.
Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast,"
So the saucy rebels said, and 'twas a handsome boast,
Had they not fŏrgot, alas! to reckon with the host,
While we were marching through Georgia.
Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

So we made a thoroughfāre for Freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude, three hundred to the main;
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,
While we were marching through Georgia.
Hurrah! hurrah! we bring the Jubilee!
Hurrah! hurrah! the flag that makes you frēe!
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.

LILLI BURLERO.

Words ascribed to Lord Dorset. 1686. Music by Purcell.



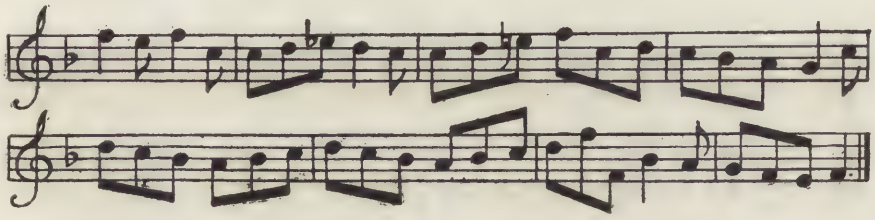
Ho! brother Teague, dost hear de decree?
Lilli burlero, bullen a la;
Dat we shall have a new deputie?
Lilli burlero, bullen a la.
Chorus. Lero, lero, lilli burlero, lilli burlero, bullen a la.
Lero, lero, lilli burlero, lilli burlero, bullen a la.

Ho! by my shoul it is de Talbot,
Lilli burlero, bullen a la;
And he will cut all de English throat;
Lilli burlero, bullen a la.
Chorus. Lero, lero, &c.

Though, by my shoul, de English do praat,
Lilli burlero, bullen a la;
De law's on dare side, and Creish knows what;
Lilli burlero, bullen a la.
Chorus. Lero, lero, &c.

But if dispence do come from de Pope,
Lilli burlero, bullen a la;
We'll hang Magna Charta and demselves in a rope;
Lilli burlero, bullen a la.
Chorus. Lero, lero, &c.

And de good Talbot is made a lord,
Lilli burlero, bullen a la;
And he with brave lads is coming aboard;
Lilli burlero, bullen a la.
Chorus. Lero, lero, &c.



Now Tyrconnel is come ashore,
Lilli burlero, bullen a la;
And we shall have commissions gillore;
Lilli burlero, bullen a la.
Chorus. Lero, lero, &c.

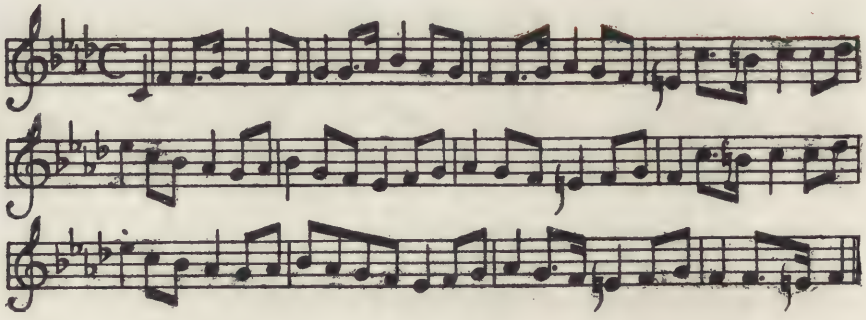
And he dat will not go to mass,
Lilli burlero, bullen a la.
Shall turn out and look like an ass;
Lilli burlero, bullen a la.
Chorus. Lero, lero, &c.

Now, now de hereticks all go down;
Lilli burlero, bullen a la;
By Creish an S. Patrick de nation's our own;
Lilli burlero, bullen a la.
Chorus. Lero, lero, &c.

Who all in France have taken a sware,
Lilli burlero, bullen a la;
Dat dey will have no Protestant heir;
Lilli burlero, bullen a la.
Chorus. Lero, lero, &c.

O, but why does he stay behind?
Lilli burlero, bullen a la;
Ho! by my shoul, 'tis a Protestant wind!
Lilli burlero, bullen a la.
Chorus. Lero, lero, &c.

THE OAK AND THE ASH. Air: Early 17th Century.



A North-Country lass up to London did pass,
Although with her nature it did not agree,
Which made her repent, and so often lament,
Still wishing again in the North for to be.

Chorus. O the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree
Do flourish at home in my own country.

Fain would I be in the North Country,
Where the lads and the lasses are making of hay;
There should I see what is pleasant to me;—
A mischief light on them entic'd me away!

Chorus. O the oak, &c.

I like not the court, nor the city resort,
Since there is no fancy for such maids as me;
Their pomp and their pride I can never abide,
Because with my humour it doth not agree.

Chorus. O the oak, &c.

How oft have I been in the Westmoreland green,
Where the young men and maidens resort oft to play,
Where we with delight, from morning till night,
Could feast it, and frolic on each holiday.

Chorus. O the oak, &c.

The ewes and their lambs, with the kids and their dams,
To see in the country how finely they play;
The bells they do ring, and the birds they do sing,
And the fields and the gardens are pleasant and gay.

Chorus. O the oak, &c.

At wakes and at fairs, being 'void of all cares,
We there with our lovers did use for to dance;
Then hard hap had I, my ill fortune to try,
And so up to London my steps to advance.

Chorus. O the oak, &c.

But still I perceive I a husband might have,
If I to the city my mind could but frame;
But I'll have a lad that is North Country bred,
Or else I'll not marry, in the mind that I am.

Chorus. O the oak, &c.

A maiden I am, and a maid I remain
Until my own country again I do see,
For here in this place I shall ne'er see the face
Of him that's allotted my love for to be.

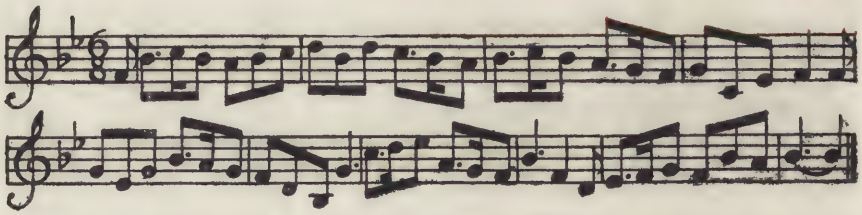
Chorus. O the oak, &c.

Then farewell, my daddy; and fārewell, my mammy;
Until I do see you, I nothing but mourn;
Rememb'ring my brothers, my sisters, and others,
In less than a year I hope to return.

Chorus. O the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree
Do flourish at home in my own country.

THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.

Air and words by R. Leveridge.



When mighty roast beef was the Englishman's fōod,
It ennobled our hearts and enriched our blood;
Our soldiers were brave and our courtiers were good.
Oh! the roast beef of old England!
And oh! for England's roast beef!

But since we have learn'd from effeminate France
To eat their ragouts as well as to dance,
We are fēd up with nothing but vain complaisance.
Oh! the roast beef, &c.

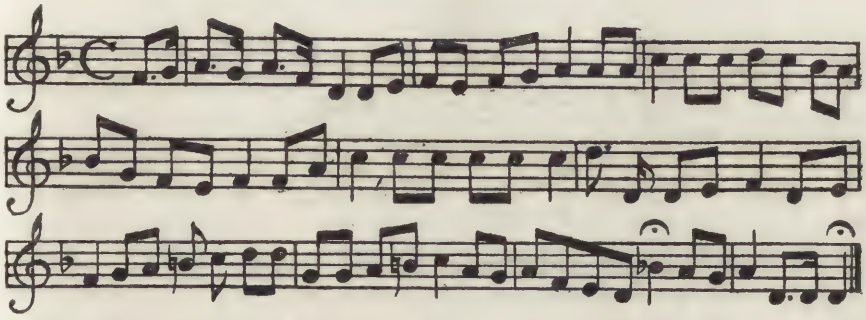
Our fāthers of old were robust, stout, and strong,
And kept open house with good cheer all day long;
Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this song—
Oh! the roast beef, &c.

When good Queen Elizabeth sat on the throne,
Ere coffee and tea and such slip-slops were known,
The world was in terror if e'en she did frown.
Oh! the roast beef, &c.

In those days, if fleets did presume on the main,
They seldom or never returned back again;
As witness the vaunting Armada of Spain.
Oh! the roast beef, &c.

Oh! then we had stomachs to eat and to fight,
And when wrongs were cooking to set ourselves right;
But now we're a—h'm!—I could, but good night.
Oh! the roast beef, &c.

ORMOND THE BRAVE.



I am Ormond the brave, did ye never hear of me?
Who lately was driven from my own country.
They tried me, condemned me, they plundered my estate.
For being so loyal to Queen Anne the Great.

Crying, O! I am Ormond, you know.

O to vict'ry I led, and vanquished every foe,
Some do call me James Butler, I'm Ormond, you know,
I am Queen Anne's darling, and old England's delight,
A friend to the Church, in Presbyterian despite.

Crying, O! I am Ormond, you know.

Then awake you Devon dogs, and arise you Cornish cats,
And follow me a-chasing the Hanoverian rats,
They shall fly from the country, we'll guard the British throne,
Have no German electors with a king, sirs, of our own.

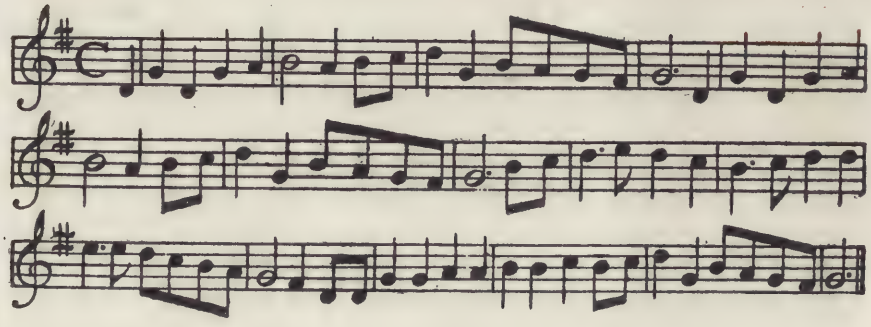
Crying, O! I am Ormond, you know.

O I wronged not my country as Scottish peers do,
Nor my soldiers defrauded of that which is their due.
All such deeds I do abhor, by the powers that are above,
I've bequeath'd all my fortune to the country I love.

Crying, O! I am Ormond, you know.

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS.

Air: 16th Century.
Words about 1690.



Some talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules;
Of Hector and Lysander, and such great names as these;
But of all the world's brave heroes, there's none that can compare,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, to the British Grenadier.

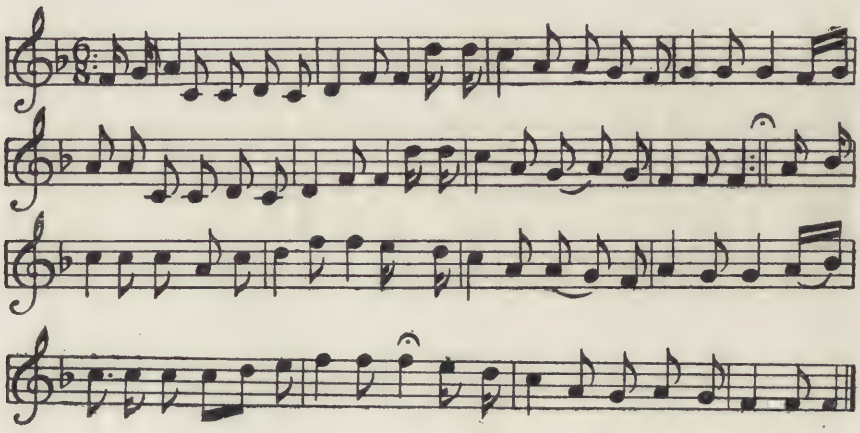
Those heroes of antiquity ne'er saw a cannon ball,
Or knew the force of powder to slay their foes withal;
But our brave boys do know it, and banish all their fears,
Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, for the British Grenadiers.

Whene'er we are commanded to storm the palisades,
Our leaders march with fusees, & we with hand grenades;
We throw them from the glacis, about the enemies' ears;
Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, for the British
Grenadiers.

And when the siege is over, we to the town repair,
The townsmen cry "Hurra, boys, here comes a grenadier,
Here come the grenadiers, my boys, who know no doubts
or fears,
Then sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, for the British
Grenadiers."

Then let us fill a bumper, and drink a health to those
Who carry caps and pouches, and wear the loupèd clothes;
May they and their commanders live happy all their years,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, for the British
Grenadiers.

WI' A HUNDRED PIPERS AN' A'.



Wi' a hundred pipers an' a' an' a',
A hundred pipers an' a' an' a,
We'll up and gie 'em a blaw, a blaw,
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a' an' a'.
O it's over the Borders, awa', awa',
It's o'er the Borders, awa', awa',
It's o'er and awa' to Carlisle ha',
Wi' its castles, and bastions, an' a' an' a'.

Chorus. Wi' a hundred pipers, &c.

O our soldier lads they looked braw, looked braw,
With their tartan, kilts, an' a', an' a',
Wi' their bonnets and feathers and glittering gear,
An' pibrochs sounding sweet and clear.

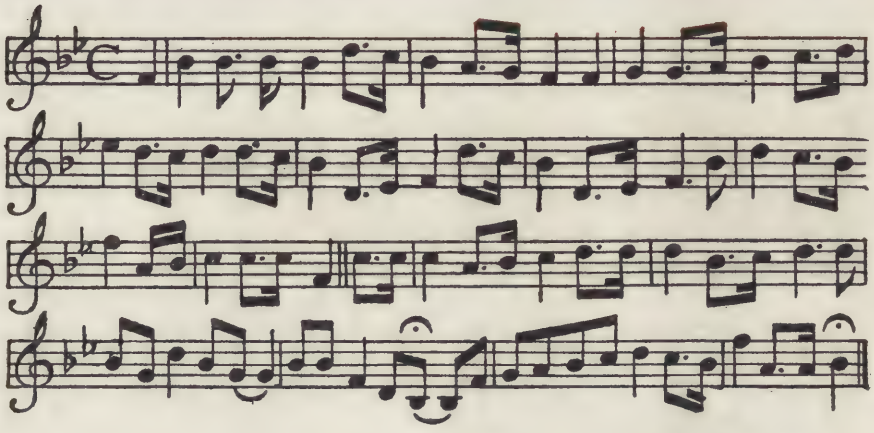
Will they a' come back to their ain dear glen?
Will they a' come back, our Heiland men?
Second-sighted Sandie looked fu' o' wae,
An' mithers wept as they marched awa'.

O wha is fõremost o' a, o' a',
O wha doth fõllow the blaw, the blaw,
Bonnie Charlie, the Prince o' us a', hurrah!
Wi' his hundred pipers and a', an' a'.
His bonnet and fẽather he's waving high,
His prancing steed just seems to fly;
The nor' wind sweeps through his golden hair,
An' the pibrochs blaw wi' an unco flare.

The Esk has swollen sae red and sae deep,
But shoulder to shoulder the braw lads keep;
Two thousand swam o'er to fẽll English ground,
And danced themselves dry to the pibrochs' sound.
Dumfõunded the English they saw, they saw,
Dumfõunded they heard the blaw, the blaw,
Dumfõunded they ran awa', awa',
From the row of the pipers an' a' an' a'.

HEART OF OAK.

Words by David Garrick. Air by Dr. Boyce. 1759.



Come, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
To add something more to this wonderful year;
To honour we call you, as free men, not slaves:
For who are so free as the sons of the waves?

Heart of oak are our ships, jolly tars are our men:
We always are ready—steady, boys, steady;
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay:
They never see us but they wish us away;
If they run, why, we follow, and run them ashore:
For if they won't fight us, what can we do more?

Heart of oak are our ships, jolly tars are our men:
We always are ready—steady, boys, steady;
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes;
They frighten our women, our children, and beaux;
But should their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.

Heart of oak are our ships, jolly tars are our men:
We always are ready—steady, boys, steady;
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We'll still make them fear, and we'll still make them flee,
And drub 'em on shore as we've drubbed 'em at sea;
Then cheer up, my lads, with one heart let us sing—
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, our king!

Heart of oak are our ships, jolly tars are our men:
We always are ready—steady, boys, steady;
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

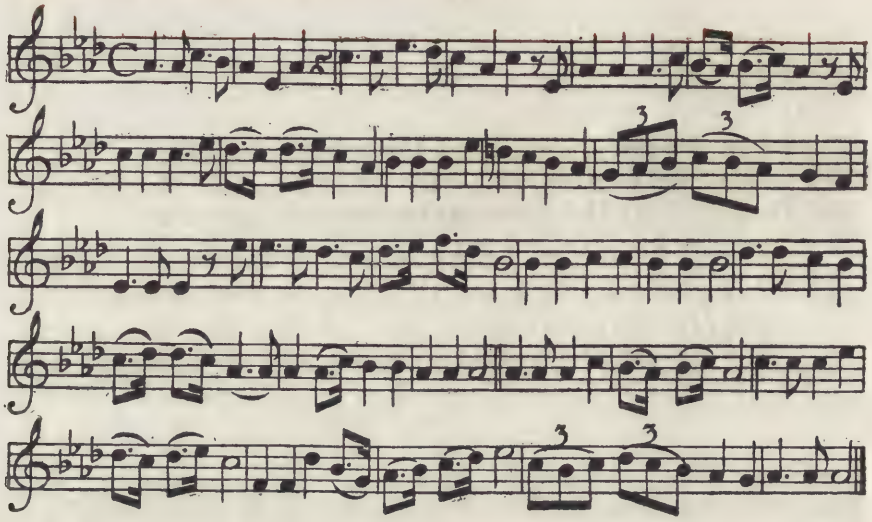
We'll still make 'em run, and we'll still make 'em sweat,
In spite of the devil and Brussels gazette;
Then cheer up, my lads, with one heart let us sing—
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, and king!

Heart of oak are our ships, jolly tars are our men:
We always are ready—steady, boys, steady;
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

HAIL, COLUMBIA.

Air by Prof. Phylo. 1798.

Words by Judge Hopkinson. 1798.



Hail, Columbia, happy land!
Hail, ye heroes, heav'n-born band,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoy'd the peace your valour won.
Let Independence be your boast;
Be ever mindful what it cost:
Be ever grateful for the prize,
And let its altar reach the skies.

Chorus. Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our liberty,
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Rise, ye patriots, rise once more,
For your rights and for your shore!
Let no rude foe with impious hands,
Let no rude foe with impious hands,

Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earn'd prize!
While off'ring peace sincere and just,
In heav'n we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice may prevail,
And ev'ry scheme of bondage fail.

Chorus. Firm, united, &c.

Sound, O sound the trump of fame!
And let Washington's great name,
Ring thro' the world with loud applause,
Ring thro' the world with loud applause;
Let ev'ry clime to freedom dear,
Come listen with a joyful ear.
With equal skill, with steady pow'r,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides with ease
The happier time of honest peace.

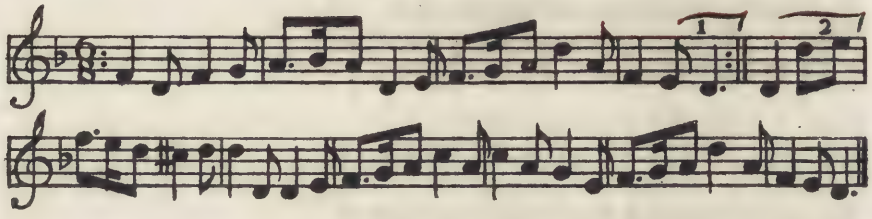
Chorus. Firm, united, &c.

See the chief who now commands,
Still to serve his country stands,
The rock on which the storm will beat,
The rock on which the storm will beat;
But arm'd in virtue, firm and true,
His hopes are fix'd on heav'n and you.
When hope was sinking in dismay,
When gloom obscur'd Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolv'd on death or liberty.

Chorus. Firm, united, &c.

KINGS AND QUEENS.

Air: 'Courtiers, Courtiers.' 1686.
Words by C. R. Ashbee. 1900.



Kings and Queens have been carried to rest,
Or come to be crowned on Thorney eye,
Where once the ladder of angels blest
The King Confessor's offering high.
Could the King Confessor prophesy
As he sat a dreaming, dreaming, dreaming,
As he sat a dreaming on Thorney eye?

Came the Conqueror stark and strong
With fury and flame throughout the land,
Norman stone and Angevin song
Honoured the deeds of his red right hand.
And the rede that he taught he taught us well,
As those that did fear him, fear him, fear him,
Those that did fear him once could tell.

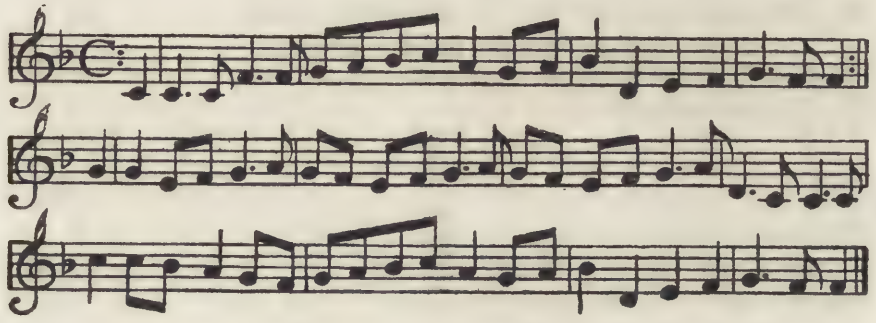
Kings and Queens may come and may go,
Greatest are those bring love and law:—
To Edward the lawgiver Englishmen owe
The justice that holds the world in awe,
And to Elinor manners and majesty,—
To Elinor lady, lady, lady,
Lady of love and chivalry.

Brave and gentle, splendid and young,
The Agincourt hero next along,
Harry the Fifth his peers among
Rides on in triumph of chant and song,
With the Cross of St. George and the English rose,
As he that hath heard it, heard it, heard it,
Heard it of Shakespeare surely knows.

Comes with pomp of pageant and play
She who was born, with joy to bless,
Like perfumed light on a midsummer day,
Her island England, good Queen Bess:
And her poets they yield her their crownèd bays,
As they follow her singing, singing, singing,
Singing a pæan of English praise.

Kings and Queens may come and may go,
Folk may grow fickle and nations old,
Last who rode in the royal show
Was she whose fame shall not grow cold:
For honesty, honour, and truth don't die,
As we that have known her, known her, known her,
We that have known will testify.

WHEN THE KING ENJOYS HIS OWN AGAIN. 1652.



What Booker can prognosticate, or speak of our kingdom's
present state?
I think myself to be as wise as he that most looks in the skies,
My skill goes beyond the depths of the Pond, or river in the
greatest rain:
By the which I can tell that all things will be well when the
King enjoys his own again!

There is no Astrologer, then say I, can search more deep in
this than I;
To give you a reason from the stars what causeth peace or
civil wars.

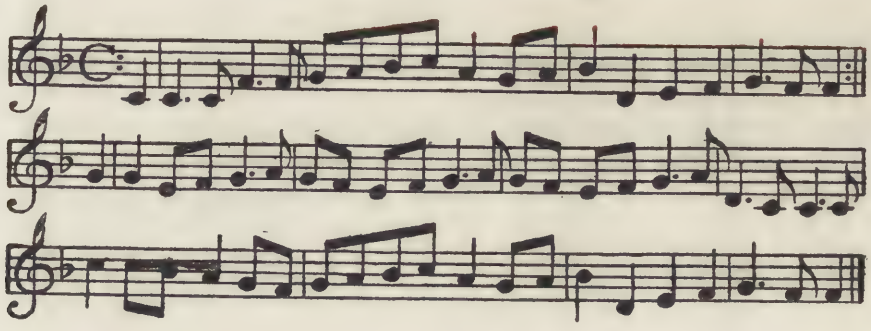
The man in the Moone may wear out his Shoone in running
after Charles's Wain:
But all to no end, for the times they will mend when the King
enjoys his own again.

Though for a time you may see White-Hall with cobwebs
hanging over the wall;
Instead of silk and silver brave, as formerly it used to have;
And in every room the sweet perfume, delightful for that
princely Train:
The which you shall see when the time it shall be that the
King enjoys his own again.

Till then up on Ararat's hill my hope shall cast her anchor
still;
Until I see some peaceful Dove bring home the branch which
I do love:
Still will I wait till the waters abate, which most disturb my
troubled brain,
For I'll never rejoice till I hear that voice that the King en-
joys his own again.

SOME-DAY-TIME.

Words by C. R. Ashbee.
Air: 'When the King enjoys his own again.'



As once among the poppies white I lay,
A strange wise woman came by that way;
Her robe it was of the woodland green,
Her girdle was bossed with silver sheen.
She sat her a-down upon the ground,
From her book she conned a rhyme;
"Oh, hearken!" said she, "and I'll prophecy to thee
What things shall happen in some-day-time."

"Whatever fŏlk have dreamed of good,
Or wise men darkly understood,
Or poets dimly have fŏretold,
Or seers seen in days of old,
Each painted page of a dear desirèd age,
Like storèd scent of lavender and rose and lime,
Shall open to the sun and its promise shall be won
In the things that may happen in some-day-time.

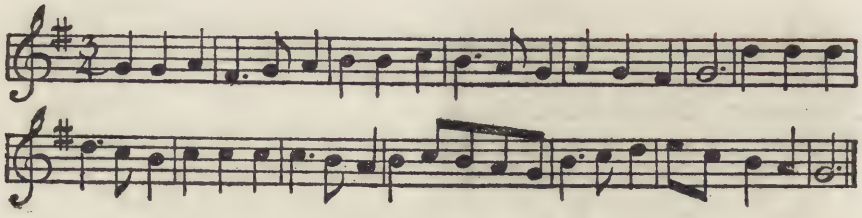
"This girdle round my waist," quoth she,
"Is a token of what things may be;
For every link of silver there
Is wrought with leisure, love, and care.
Care in the work that nobody shall shirk,
And leisure that is rung in the belfry chime;
And joy unto men who shall waken once again
To the things that may happen in some-day-time.

"Then clad like me in the woodland green
Shall England once more stand a queen;
Her towns like carven jewels rise,
Her streams again reflect the skies.
Royally dight for honour and delight,
She shall cast aside her mantle of toil and grime;
This book upon her knees, she shall greet the seven seas
With the things that may happen in some-day-time."

Said I: "Oh, may I be your knight?
Oh, may I touch your girdle bright?
Oh, may I kiss your robe of woodland green?
Oh, may I read those leaves between?"
"Ah, no!" said she "that may not be,
The world must win on a reasoned rhyme"—
And 'mid the poppies bright she vanished from my sight.
Such things do happen in some-day-time.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

1743.
Ascribed to Henry Carey.

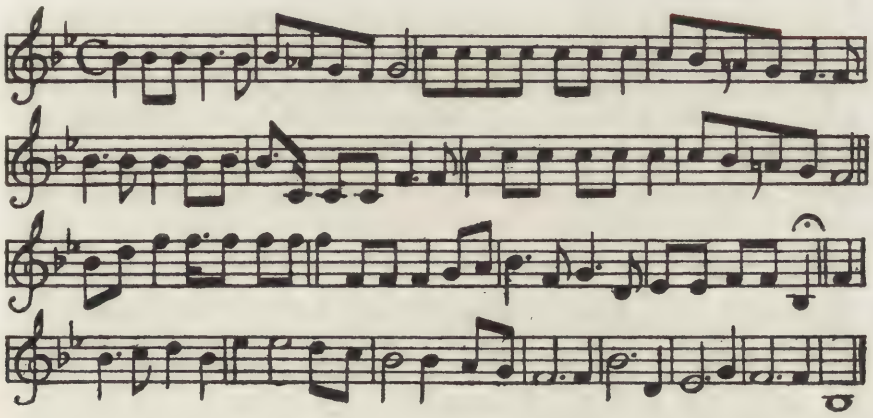


God save our gracious King!
Long live our noble King!
God save the King.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the King!

O Lord our God, arise!
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall!
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
On thee our hopes we fix,—
God save us all!

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign!
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King!

ST. GEORGE FOR ENGLAND. Early 17th Century.



Why doe you boast of Arthur and his knightes,
Knowing well how many men have endured fightes?
For besides King Arthur, and Lancelot du lake,
Or sir Tristram de Lionel, that fought for ladies' sake;
Read in old histories, and there you shall see
How St. George, St. George the dragon made to flee.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, Honi soit qui mal y pense.

Mark our father Abraham, when first he reskcued Lot
Onely with his household, what conquest there he got:
David was elected a prophet and a king,
He slew the great Goliah, with a stone within a sling:
Yet these were not knightes of the table round;
Nor St. George, St. George, who the dragon did confound.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, Honi soit qui mal y pense.

Jephthah and Gideon did lead their men to fight,
They conquered the Amorites, and put them all to flight:
Hercules his labours were on the plaines of Basse;
And Sampson slew a thousand with the jawbone of an asse,
And eke he threw a temple downe, and did a mighty spoyle:
But St. George, St. George he did the dragon foyle.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, Honi soit qui mal y pense.

The warres of ancient monarchs it were too long to tell,
And likewise of the Romans, how fārre they did excell;
Hannyball and Scipio in many a fielde did fighte:
Orlando Furioso he was a worthy knighte:
Remus and Romulus, were they that Rome did builde:
But St. George, St. George the dragon made to yielde.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, Honi soit qui mal y pense.

The noble Alphonso, that was the Spanish king,
The order of the red scarffes and bandrolles in did bring:
He had a troope of mighty knightes, when first he did begin,
Which sought adventures fārre & neare, that conquest they
might win:
The ranks of the Pagans he often put to flight:
But St. George, St. George did with the dragon fight.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, Honi soit qui mal y pense.

Many knights have fought with proude Tamberlaine.
Cutlax the Dane, great warres he did maintaine:
Rowland of Beame, and good sir Olivere
In the fōrest of Acon slew both woolfe and beare:

Besides that noble Hollander, sir Goward with the bill:
But St. George, St. George the dragon's blood did spill.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, Honi soit qui mal y pense.

Valentine and Orson were of king Pepin's blood:
Alfride and Henry they were brave knightes and good:
The four sons of Aymon, that follow'd Charlemaine:
Sir Hughon of Burdeaux, and Godfrey of Bullaine:
These were all French knightes that lived in that age:
But St. George, St. George the dragon did assuage.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, Honi soit qui mal y pense.

Bevis conquered Ascapart, and after slew the boare,
And then he crost beyond the seas to combat with the moore:
Sir Isenbras, and Eglamore they were knightes most bold;
And good Sir John Mandeville of travel much hath told:
There were many English knights that Pagans did convert:
But St. George, St. George pluck't out the dragon's heart.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, Honi soit qui mal y pense.

The noble Earl of Warwick, that was called sir Guy,
The infidels and pagans stoutlie did defie;
He slew the giant Brandimore, and after was the death
Of that most ghastly dun cowe, the divell of Dunsmore heath;
Besides his noble deeds all done beyond the seas:
But St. George, St. George the dragon did appease.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, Honi soit qui mal y pense.

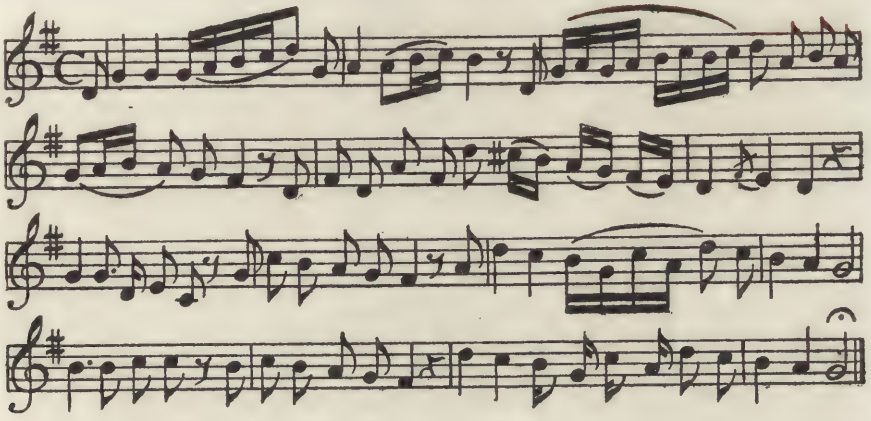
Richard Coeur-de-lion erst king of this land,
He the lion gored with his naked hand:
The fãlse duke of Austria nothing did he fẽare;
But his son he killed with a boxe on the eare;
Besides his fãmous actes done in the holy lande:
But St. George, St. George the dragon did withstande.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, Honi soit qui mal y pense.

Henry the fifth he conquered all France,
And quartered their arms, his honour to advance:
He their cities razed, and threw their castles downe,
And his head he honoured with a double crowne:
He thumped the French-men, and after home he came:
But St. George, St. George he did the dragon tame.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, Honi soit qui mal y pense.

St. David of Wales the Welsh-men much advance:
St. Jacques of Spaine, that never yet broke lance:
St. Patricke of Ireland, which was St. Georges boy,
Seven yeares he kept his horse, and then stole him away:
For which knavish act, as slaves they doe remaine:
But St. George, St. George the dragon he hath slaine.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, Honi soit qui mal y pense.

RULE, BRITANNIA!

Air by Dr. Arne. 1740.
Words by James Thomson.



When Britain first, at Heav'n's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sang this strain:

Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves!
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves!

The nations not so blest as thee,
Must in their turns to tyrants fall;
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.

Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves!
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves!

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each fõreign stroke
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves!
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves!

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame;
But work their woe, and thy renown.

Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves!
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves!

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles, thine.

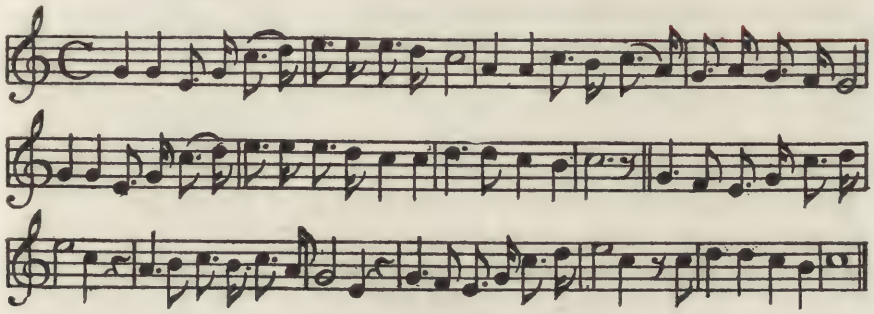
Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves!
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves!

The Muses, still with freedom fõund,
Shall to thy happy coasts repair;
Blest Isle! with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fãir.

Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves!
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves!

JOHN BROWN'S BODY.

March~Song of the American War.



John Brown's body lies a~mould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a~mould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a~mould'ring in the grave,
And his soul is marching on.

Chorus. Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
His soul is marching on.

The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
On the grave of old John Brown.

Chorus. Glory, glory, &c.

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
And his soul is marching on.

Chorus. Glory, glory, &c.

John Brown's knapsack is strapp'd upon his back,
John Brown's knapsack is strapp'd upon his back,
John Brown's knapsack is strapp'd upon his back,
And his soul is marching on.

Chorus. Glory, glory, &c.

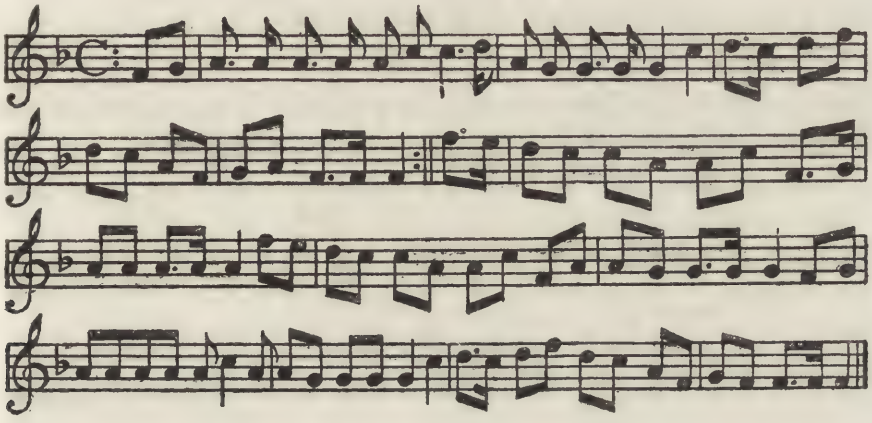
His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
And they'll go marching on.

Chorus. Glory, glory, &c.

We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,
We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,
We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,
As we go marching on.

Chorus. Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
His soul is marching on.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.



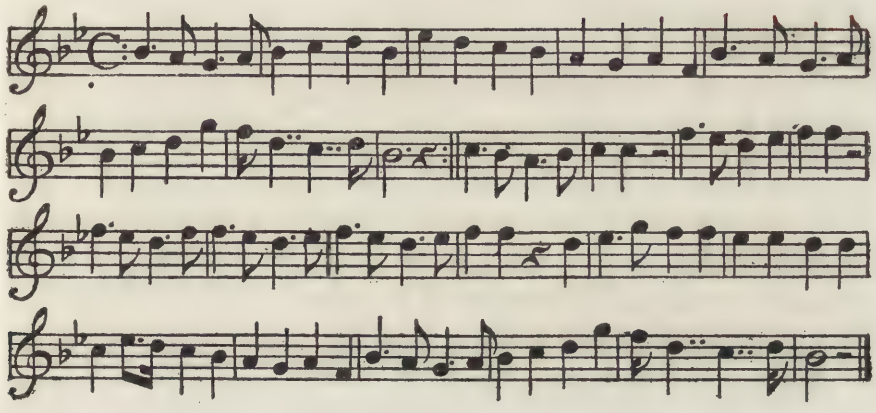
O Paddy, dear, and did you hear the news that's going round?
The Shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish ground;
St. Patrick's Day no more we'll keep, his colours can't be seen,
For there's a bloody law agin the wearing of the green.
I met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,
And he said "How's poor old Ireland, & how does she stand?"
She's the most distressful country that ever yet was seen,
They are hanging men & women for the wearing of the green.

Then since the colour we must wear is England's cruel red,
Sure Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood that they have shed,
You may take the shamrock from your hat & cast it on the sod,
But 'twill take root & flourish there though under foot 'tis trod;
When law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow,
And when the leaves in summer time their verdure dare not show,
Then I will change the colour that I wear in my caubeen,
But till that day, please God, I'll stick to wearing of the green.

But if at last our colour should be torn from Ireland's heart,
Her sons with shame & sorrow from the dear old Isle will part;
I've heard a whisper of a country that is beyond the say,
Where rich and poor stand equal in the light of freedom's day.
O, Erin, must we leave you driven by a tyrant's hand?
Must we ask a mother's blessing from a strange and distant land?
Where the cruel cross of England shall nevermore be seen,
And where, please God, we'll live and die still wearing of the green.

MEN OF HARLECH.

Air: Welsh Traditional.
Words by William Duthie.

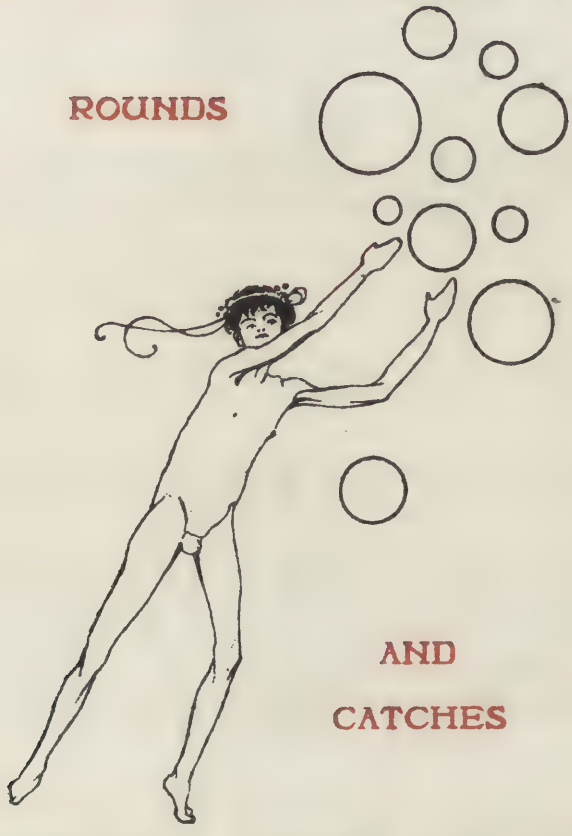


Men of Harlech! in the hollow,
Do ye hear, like rushing billow,
Wave on wave that surging fŏllow
  Battle's distant sound?
'Tis the tramp of Saxon fŏemen,
Saxon spearmen, Saxon bowmen;
Be they knights, or hinds, or yeomen,
  They shall bite the ground!

Loose the fŏlds asunder,
Flag we conquer under!
The placid sky, now bright on high,
Shall launch its bolts in thunder!
Onward! 'tis our country needs us!
He is bravest, he who leads us!
Honour's self now proudly heads us!
Cambria, God, and Right!

Rocky steeps and passes narrow,
Flash with spear and flight of arrow,
Who would think of death or sorrow?
Death is glory now!
Hurl the reeling horseman over!
Let the earth dead foemen cover!
Fate of fŕiend, of wife, of lover,
Trembles on a blow!
Strands of life are riven;
Blow for blow is given,
In deadly lock, or battle shock,
And "Mercy!" shrieks to heaven!
Men of Harlech, young and hoary!
Would you win a name in story?
Strike for home, for life, for glory!
Cambria, God, and Right!

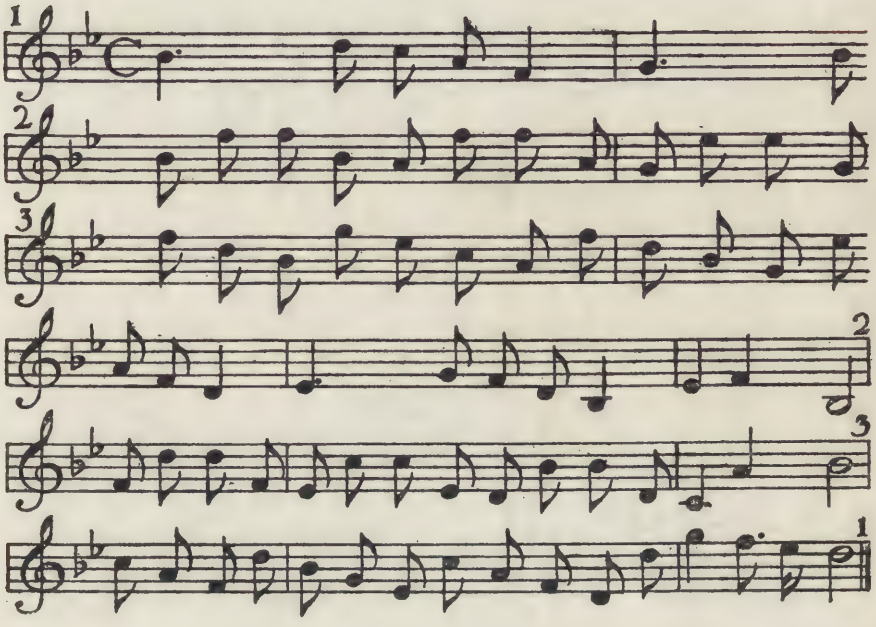
ROUNDS AND CATCHES



BEING THE FOURTH PART OF THE SONG BOOK OF THE GUILD OF HANDICRAFT.

FYE, NAY, PRITHEE, JOHN.

Purcell.
17th Century.



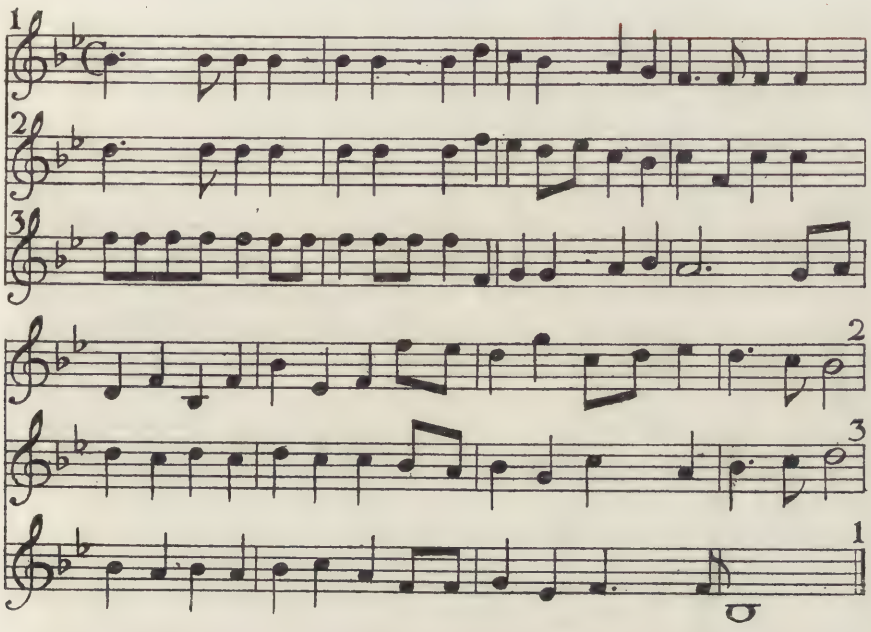
1. Fie, nay, prithee, John,
Do not quarrel, man,
Let's be merry and sing a bout.

2. You're a knave, you cheated me!
I swear before this company,
I caren't a farthing, sir, for all you are so stout!

3. Sir, you lie! I scorn your word!
Or any man's that wears a sword;
For all you huff, who cares a fig and who cares for you?

HARK THE BONNY CHRIST CHURCH BELLS!

Dean Aldrich. 17th Century.



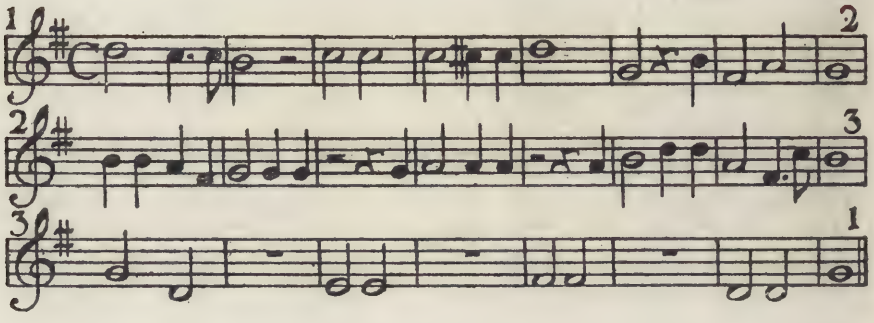
1. Hark the bonny Christchurch bells!
One, two, three, four, five, six! they sound
So woundy great, so wondrous sweet,
And they troul so merrily, merrily.

2. Hark the first and second bells
That every day at fŏur and ten
Cry come, come, come, come, come to prayers,
And the verger troops before the Dean.

3. Tingle, tingle, ting goes the small bell at nine
To call the bearers home;
But de'il a man will leave his can till he hears the
mighty Tom.

LOOK, NEIGHBOURS, LOOK!

Dr. Harrington. 17th Century.



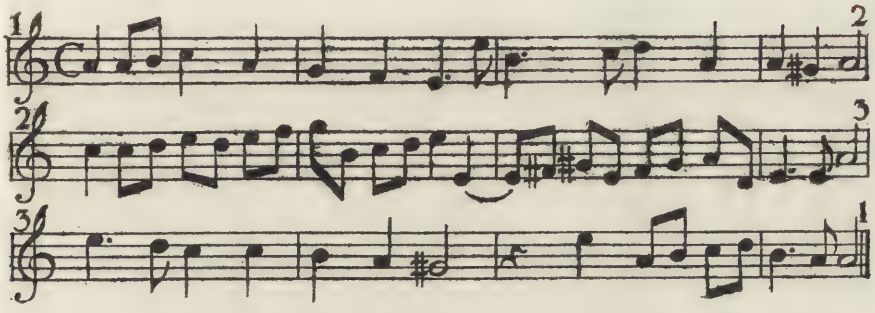
1. Look, neighbours, look! here lies poor Thomas Day!
Dead and turned to clay!

2. Does he sure? What old Thomas? What young Thomas?
What old Thomas? Lack, lack-a-day!

3. Poor soul! aye! aye! no! no! aye, aye, aye!

TURN, AMARILLIS.

John Hilton.
Early 17th Century.



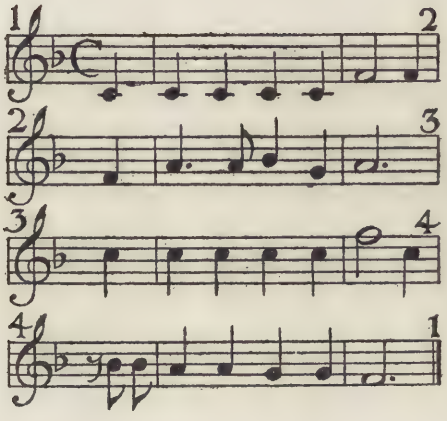
1. Turn, Amarillis, to thy swain,
Thy Damon calls thee back again.

2. I know a pretty, pretty, pretty arbour nigh
Where Apollo, where Apollo dare not spy;

3. There we'll sit, and whilst I play
Sing to my pipe a roundelay.

THE HART HE LOVES THE HIGH WOOD.

Anonymous.



1. The hart he loves the high wood,

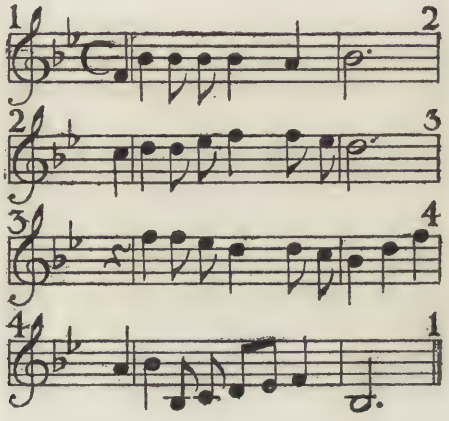
2. The hare, he loves the hill;

3. The knight he loves his bright sword,

4. The lady loves her will.

MY DAME HATH A LAME TAME CRANE.

Matthew White. 17th Century.



1. My dame hath a lame tame crane,

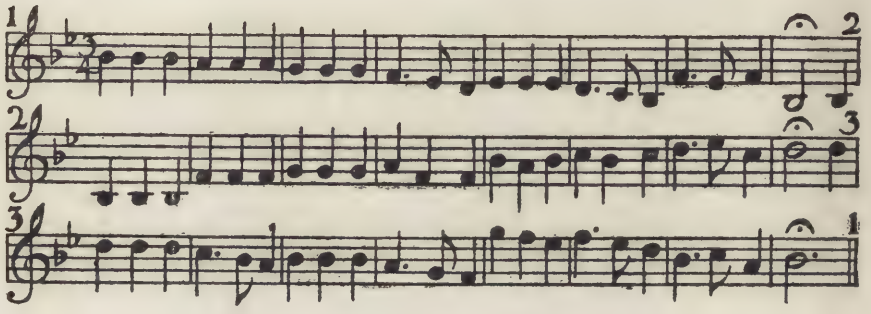
2. My dame hath a crane that is lame;

3. Go, gentle Jane, let my dame's lame tame

4. Crane, fēed and come home again.

BUBBLING AND SPLASHING.

Purcell.
17th Century.



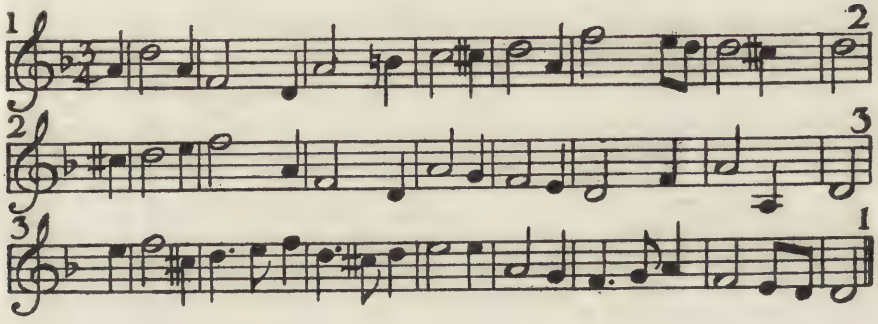
1. Bubbling and splashing and foaming and dashing
With noise and with bustle the brook rushes by;

2. But silent and slow does the deep river flow
On its smooth glassy bosom reflecting the sky.

3. Thus shallow pretense babbles on without sense,
While true knowledge and wisdom sit silently by.

WHEN V AND I TOGETHER MEET.

Purcell.
17th Century.
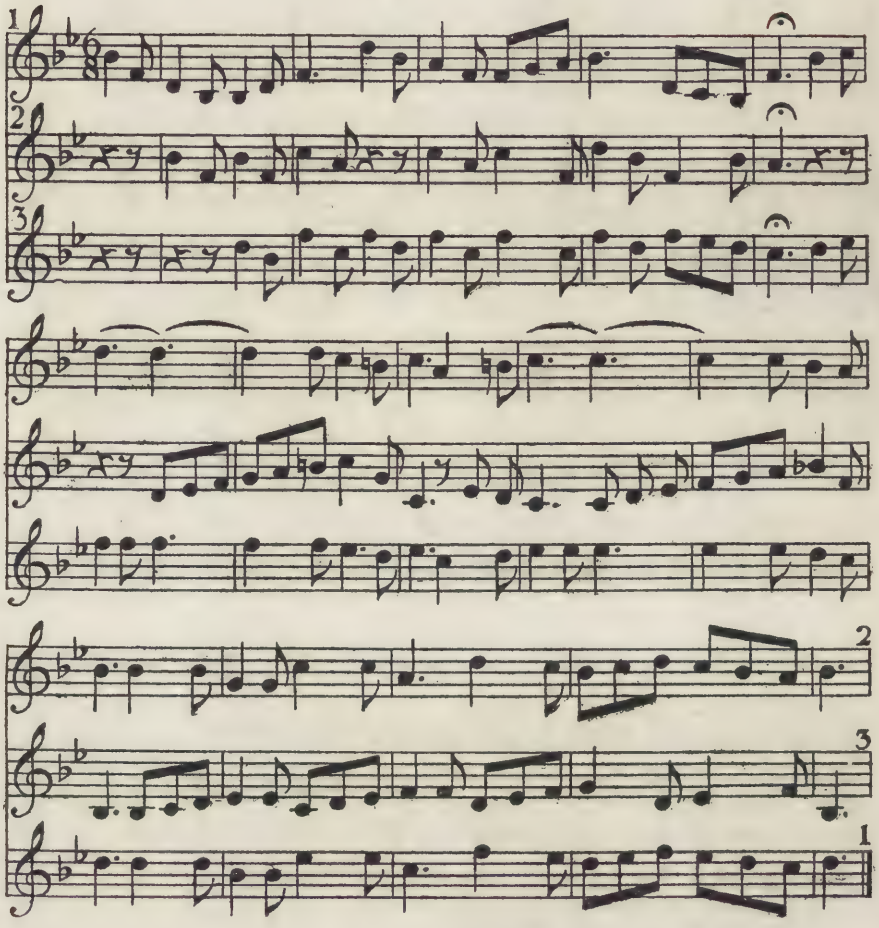


1. When V and I together meet
We make up VI in house or street;

2. But I and V may meet once more
And then we two can make but IV;

3. But when that V from I is gone
Alas! poor I can make but I.

MISTER SPEAKER THOUGH 'TIS LATE.

S. Baildon. 17th Century.



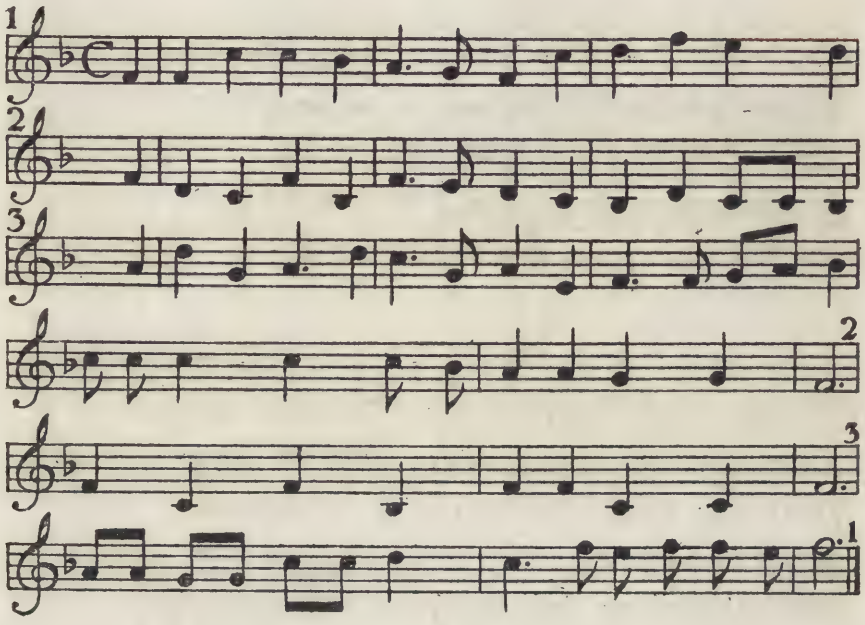
1. Mister Speaker tho' 'tis late, Mister Speaker tho' 'tis late,
tho' 'tis late! I must lengthen the debate,
I must lengthen the debate, Mister Speaker
tho' 'tis late, I must lengthen the debate!

2. Question! Question! Question! Question! Question!
Hear him! Hear him! Hear! Sir I shall name
you if you stir: if you stir: Sir I shall name
you if you stir: sir I shall name you, sir
I shall name you, sir I shall name you if you stir!

3. Order! Order! Order! Hear him! Hear him!
Hear him! Hear him! Hear! Pray support
the Chair! Pray support the Chair! Pray support
the Chair! Pray support the Chair! Question!
Order! Hear him! Hear! Pray support, support
the Chair!

NOW GOD BE WITH OLD SIMEON.

Anonymous. 1609.



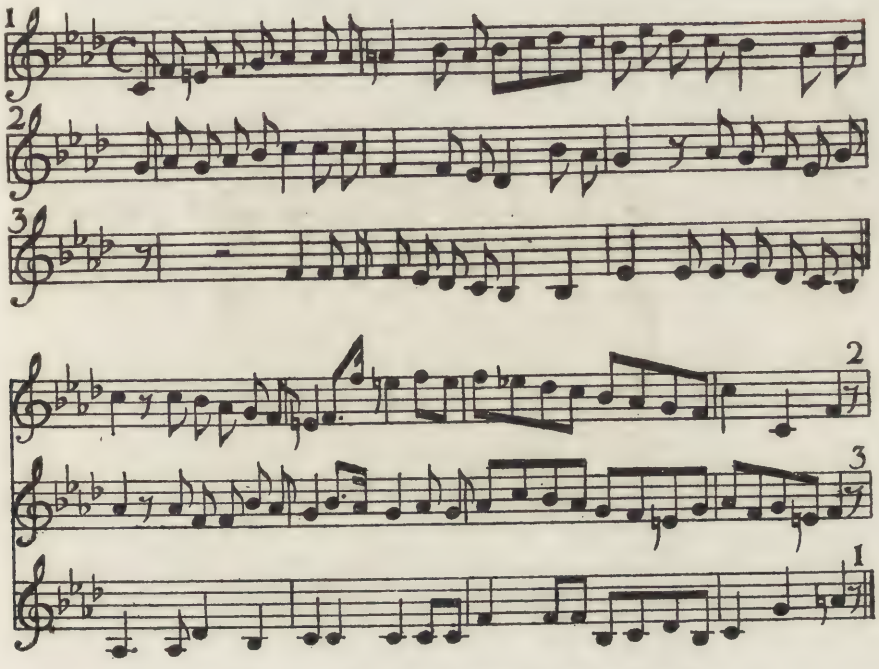
1. Now God be with old Simeon,
For he made cans for many a one
And a good old man was he.

2. And Jenkin was his journeyman
And he could tipple of every can,
And thus he sang to me.

3. Now here's to thee, sir knave to thee,
Then heigh ho, Jolly Jenkin,
I spy a knave a drinkin',
Come troll the bowl to me!

I CANNOT SING THIS CATCH.

Dr. Harrington.
17th Century.

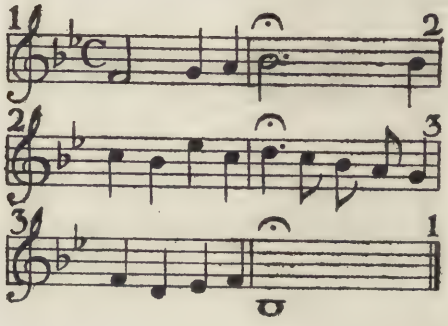


1. I cannot sing this catch; I shall laugh, I shall laugh
Ha, ha, ha, ha, I shall laugh, shall laugh ha, ha, ha, ha,
O dear! I shall laugh, ha, ha, ha!

2. For shame, you silly calf, don't you laugh, don't you laugh,
Don't you laugh, you will not sing it half
But make us all to laugh, make us all to laugh, ha, ha, ha, ha!

3. Look at his face, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Look at his face! ha, ha, ha,
When he sings the bass, Look, look at his face!
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. Ha! Ha! Ha!

GREAT TOM IS CAST. Matthew White. 17th Century.



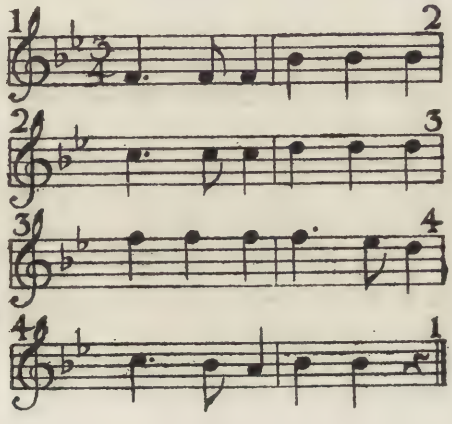
1. Great Tom is cast, and

2. Christchurch bells ring
One two three four five

3. six, and Tom comes last.

GO TO JANE GLOVER.

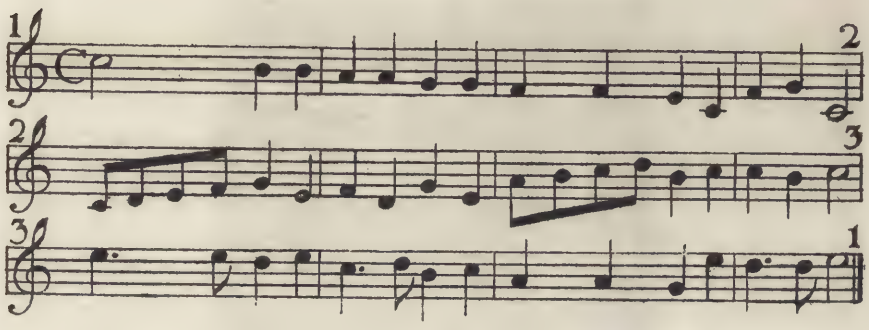
Anonymous. 1609.



1. Go to Jane Glover, And
2. tell her I love her, And
3. at the end of the moon
4. I will come to her.

COME FOLLOW, FOLLOW.

John Hilton.
Early 17th Century.



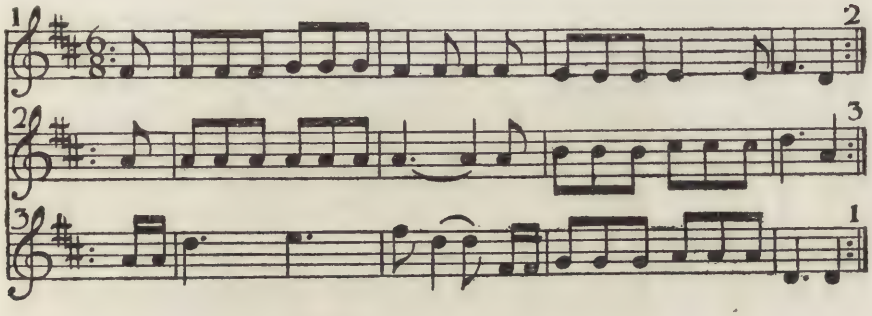
1. Come follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow me.

2. Whither shall I follow, follow, follow, whither shall I follow, follow thee?

3. To the greenwood, to the greenwood, to the greenwood, greenwood tree.

A SOUTHERLY WIND.

18th Century.

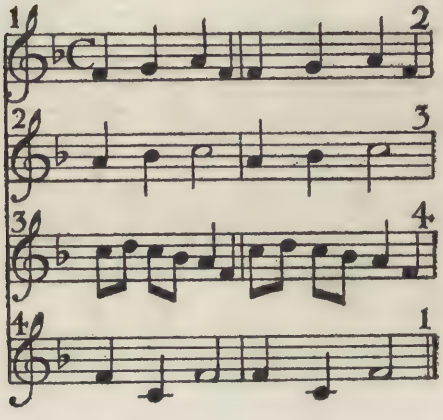


1. A southerly wind and a cloudy sky
Proclaimeth a hunting morning.
Before the sun rises away we fly,
Them that sleep in a drowsy bed scorning.

2. To horse, my brave boys, and away,
Bright Phoebus the hills is adorning;
The face of all nature is gay,
'Tis a beautiful hunting morning.

3. With a hark, hark, forward,
Tally ho, tally ho, tally ho,
Then hark, hark, forward,
Tally ho, tally ho, tally ho.

FRÈRE JACQUES.



1. Frère Jacques! Frère Jacques!
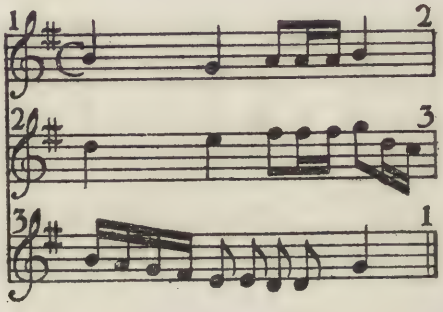
2. Dormez vous? Dormez vous?

3. Sonnez la matine! Sonnez la matine!

4. Bim bam bim! Bim bam bim!

PEDRO, REVEILLEZ-VOUS.

Desirée Artôt. 1890.



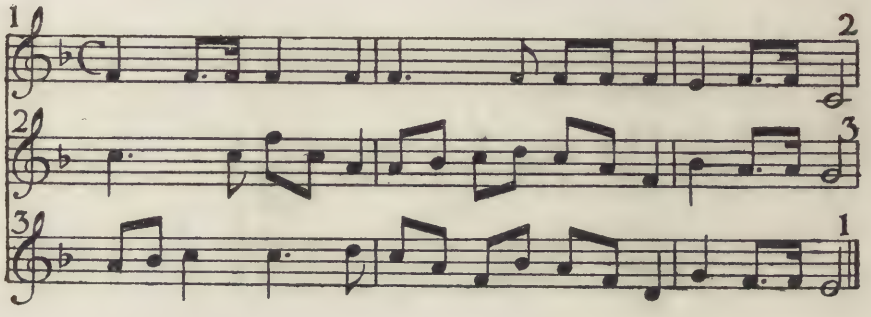
1. Pedro, reveillez-vous,

2. Pedro, reveillez-vous,

3. Reveillez-vous, reveillez-vous.

PREACHER.

Simon Ives. Early 17th Century.



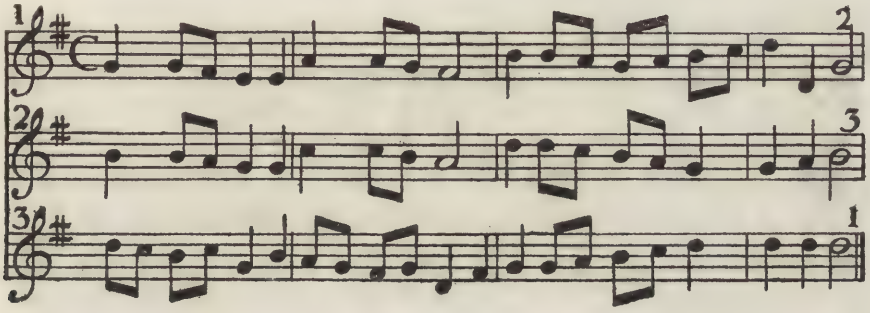
1. Thus saith the Preacher: All is vanity under the sun!

2. All is vanity, vanity of vanity, under the sun!

3. Vanity, all is vanity of vanity, under the sun!

HASTE THEE, NYMPH.

Purcell. 17th Century.



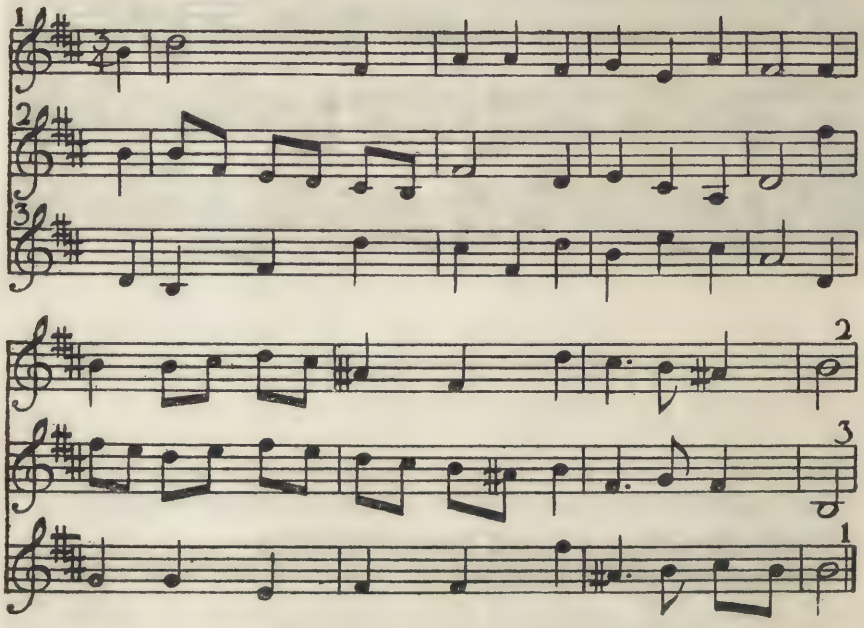
1. Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,

2. Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathèd smiles,

3. Sport that wrinkled care derides
And Laughter holding both his sides.

AN APE, A LION.

Purcell. 17th Century.



1. An ape, a lion, a fŏx and an ass
Do show fŏrth man's life as it were in a glass;

2. For apish they are till twenty and one,
And after that lions till fŏrty be gone;

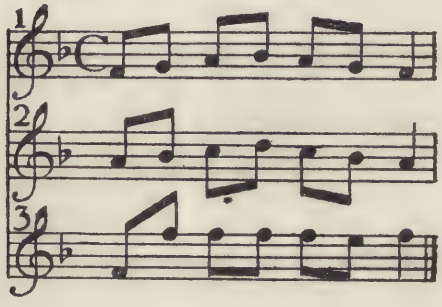
3. Then witty as fŏxes till three score and ten,
And after that asses and so no more men.

1. A dove, a sparrow, a parrot, a crow,
As plainly set fŏrth how you women may know.

2. Harmless they are till thirteen be gone,
Then wanton as sparrows till fŏrty draw on.

3. Then prating as parrots till three score be o'er,
Then birds of ill omen and women no more.

AVE MARIA.

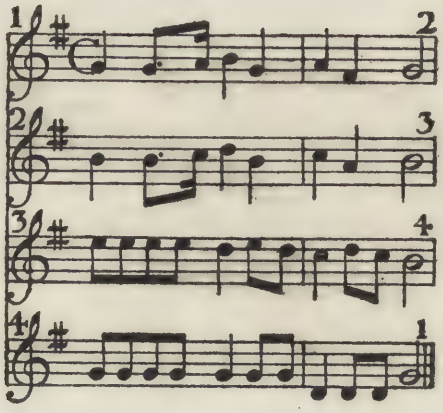


1. Ave Maria!

2. Ave Maria!

3. Ave Maria!

TUEZ LE COQ.



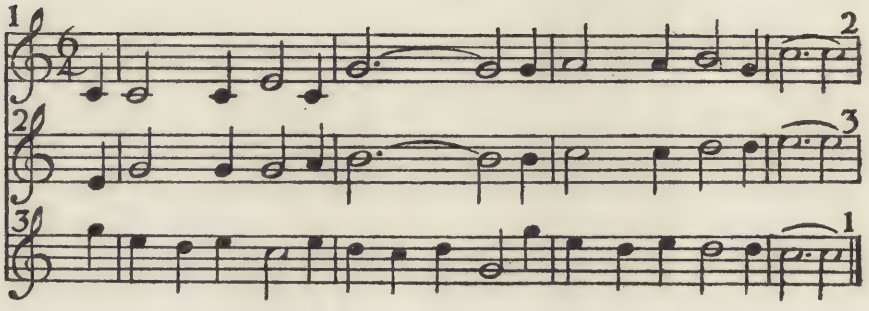
1. Tuez le coq, tuez le coq,

2. tuez le coq, tuez le coq!

3. Il ne dira plus: Cocolas, cocolas!

4. Il ne dira plus: cocolas! cocolas!

THE WISE MEN. William Lawes. Early 17th Century.



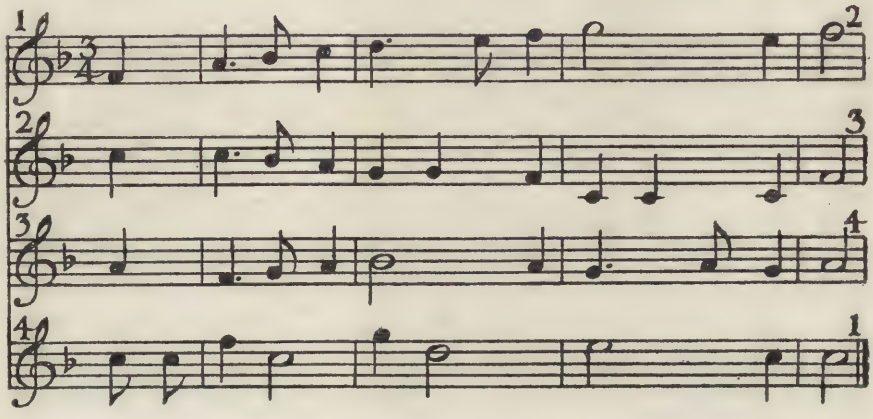
1. The wise men were but seven Ne'er more shall be for me,

2. The muses were but nine, The worthies three times three,

3. And three merry boys and three merry boys And three merry boys are we.

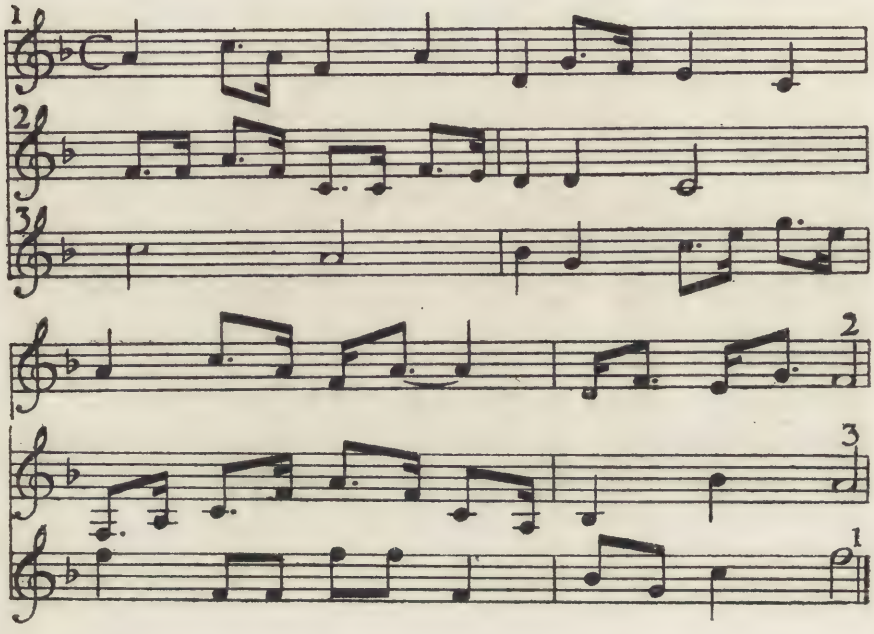
THERE WAS AN INVISIBLE FOX.

John Hilton.
Early 17th Century.



1. There was an invisible fox by chance
2. Who met with two visible, visible geese;
3. He taught them a fine invisible dance
4. For a hundred hundred crowns a-piece.

WHO'LL BUY MY ROSES.



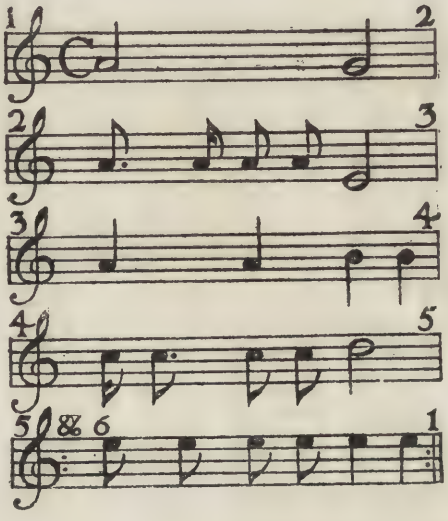
1. Who'll buy my roses, my pretty posies,
Who'll buy my lilies, ladies fair.

2. Taste and try before you buy my fine ripe pears;
Taste and try before you buy my fine ripe pears.

3. Clo', clo', any old clo to sell or
Hare skins or rabbit skins, any old clo'!

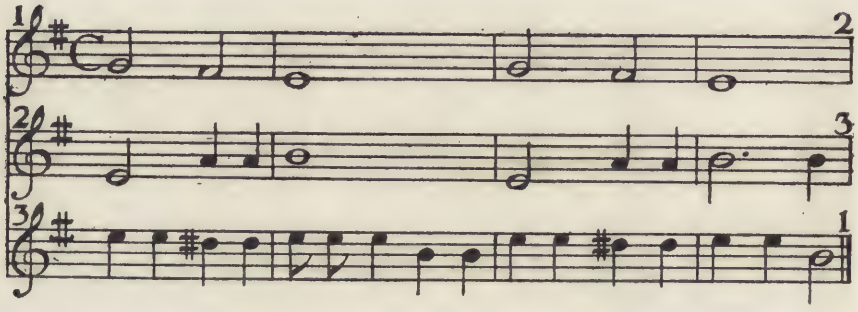
HO, HO, NOBODY.

17th Century.



1. Ho, ho,
2. Nobody at home,
3. Meat nor drink nor
4. Money have we none;
5. Fill the pot, Eedie,
6. Never more need I.

THREE BLIND MICE.

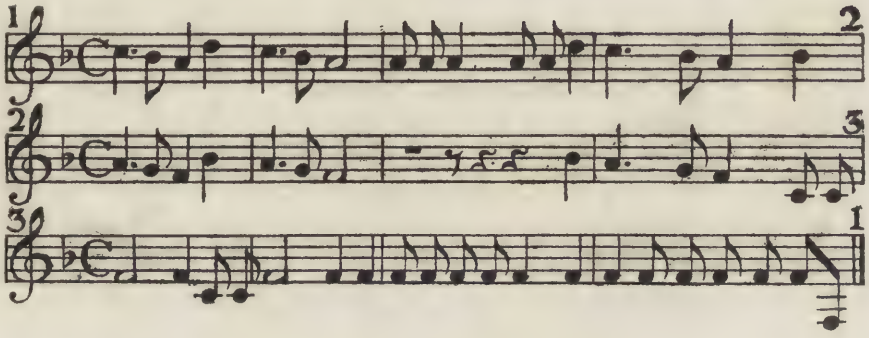


1. Three blind mice,
Three blind mice,

2. See how they run!
See how they run! They

3. All ran after the fărmer's wife,
Who cut off their tails with a carving knive.

CHAIRS TO MEND.

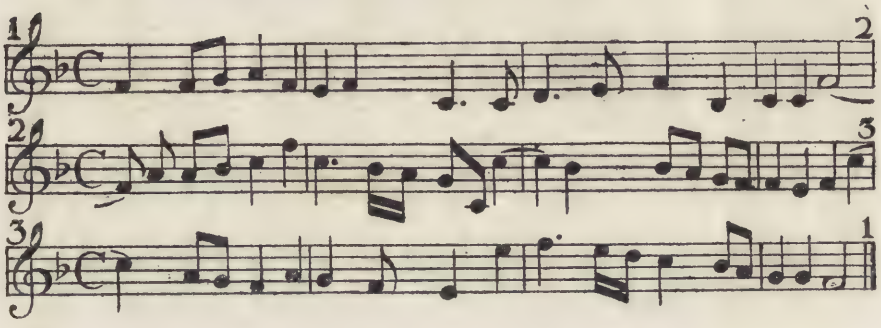


1. Chairs to mend, old chairs to mend!
Rush or cane-bottomed, old chairs to mend, old chairs to mend! Fresh

2. Mackerel! Fresh mackerel! Fresh mackerel!
Fresh mackerel! Any

3. Old clo! any old clo!
Take money for your old clo!
Hareskins and rabbitskins!

MAY BRINGS ROUND.



1. May brings round the joyous scene,
The Maypole on the village green

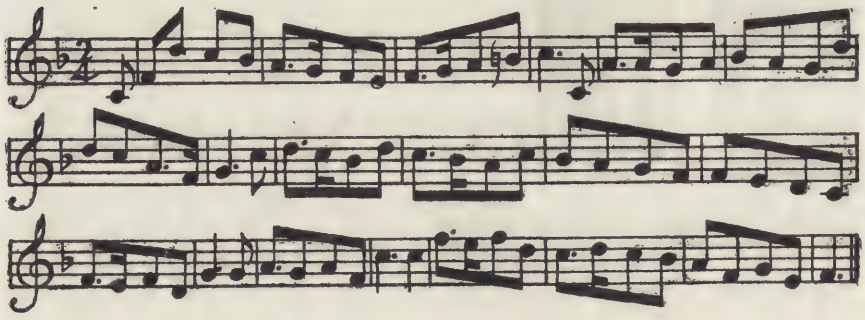
2. With ribbons, ffag and chaplets bound
And pipe and tabor's mirthful sound,

3. While merry bells in concert ring,
And merry voices blithely sing.



THE FIFTH PART OF THE SONG BOOK OF THE GUILD OF HANDICRAFT, BEING SONGS OF THE COUNTRY, & THE TILLING OF THE SOIL.

THE JOLLY WAGGONER.

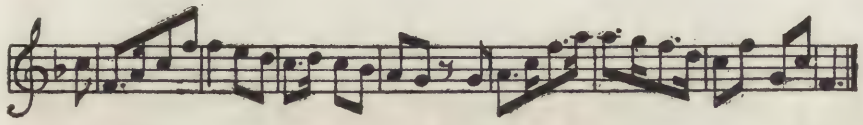


When first I went a-waggoning, a-waggoning did go,
I filled my parents' heart with grief, with sorrow, care, and woe,
And many are the hardships that I have since gone thro'.
Sing wo! my lads, sing wo!
Drive on, my lads, I ho!
Who would not lead the stirring life
The jolly waggoners do?

Chorus. Sing wo! my lads, sing wo!
Drive on, my lads, I ho!
Who would not lead the stirring life
We jolly waggoners do?

Upon a cold and stormy night when wetted to the skin,
I bear it with contented heart until I reach the inn;
And then I sit a-drinking, boys, with landlord and his kin.
Sing wo! my lads, sing wo! &c.

Chorus. Sing wo! my lads, sing wo! &c.



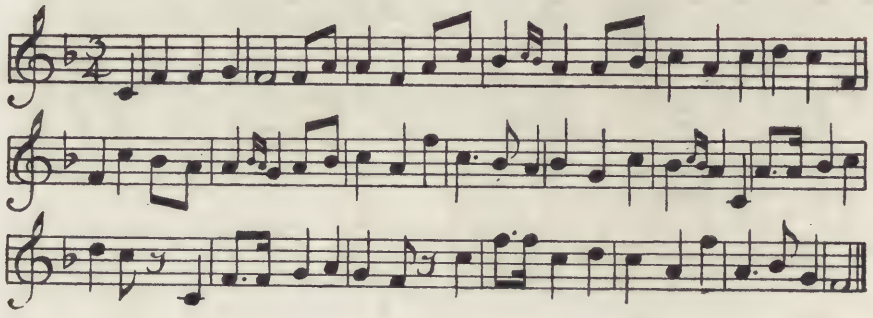
Now summer is a-coming on, what pleasures shall we see!
The merry finch is twittering on every greenwood tree,
The blackbird and the thrushes too are whistling merrily.
Sing wo! my lads, sing wo! &c.
Chorus. Sing wo! my lads, sing wo! &c.

When Michaelmas is coming on, we'll pleasure also find,
We'll make the gold to fly, my boys, like chaff before the wind,
And every lad will love his lass, so merry, brisk and kind.
Sing wo! my lads, sing wo! &c.
Chorus. Sing wo! my lads, sing wo! &c.

Along the country road, alas! but waggons few are seen,
The world is topsy-turvy turned, and all things go by steam,
And all the past is passed away, like to a morning dream.
Sing wo! my lads, sing wo! &c.
Chorus. Sing wo! my lads, sing wo! &c.

The landlords cry: "What shall we do? our business is no more,
The railway it has ruined us, who badly fared before;
'Tis luck and gold to one or two, but ruined are a score."
Sing wo! my lads, sing wo! &c.
Chorus. Sing wo! my lads, sing wo! &c.

THE SWEET NIGHTINGALE. Surrey Traditional.



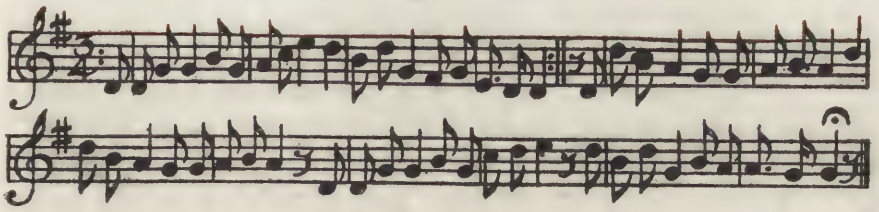
One morning in May by chance I did rove,
I sat myself down by the side of a grove,
And there did I hear the sweet nightingale sing,
I never heard so sweet. I never heard so sweet.
I never heard so sweet as the birds in the Spring.

All on the green grass I sat myself down
Where the voice of the nightingale echoed around;
Don't you hear how she quivers the notes? I declare
No music, no songster. No music, no songster.
No music, no songster with her can compare.

Come, all young men, I'll have you draw near,
I pray you now heed me these words for to hear,
That when you're grown old you may have it to sing,
That you never heard so sweet. That you never heard so sweet.
That you never heard so sweet as the birds in the Spring.

THE WIND BLOWS OUT OF THE WEST COUNTRY.

Air: Dartmoor Traditional. Words by S. Baring-Gould.



The wind blows out of the West Country,
The thrush is piping in every tree, (repeat)
The bonny cheek in the morn is wet
With tears before that the sun is set.
Alas! alas! that the day doth run
In rain, in rain that is never done!

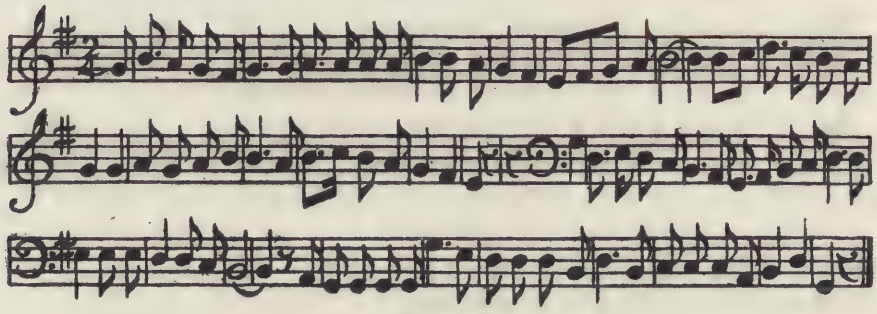
The wind blows out of the East Country,
And blights the flowers on every tree, (repeat)
The bitter frost—it is like a knife
That cutteth, slayeth the sweetest life.
Alas! alas! that the day doth run
In frost and cold that is never done!

The wind blows out of the North Country,
And, rude, uprooteth the tender tree. (repeat)
No feeble flower can face the gale,
No wing of bird can at all prevail.
Alas! alas! that the day doth run
Through howling storm that is never done!

The wind blows out of the South Country,
And buds are bursting on every tree, (repeat)
The blackbirds carol, the leaves unfold,
The cowslips ripple a sea of gold.
Alas! alas! that the day doth run
So swift from rise to the set of sun!

THE SERVINGMAN AND THE HUSBANDMAN.

Hampshire Traditional.

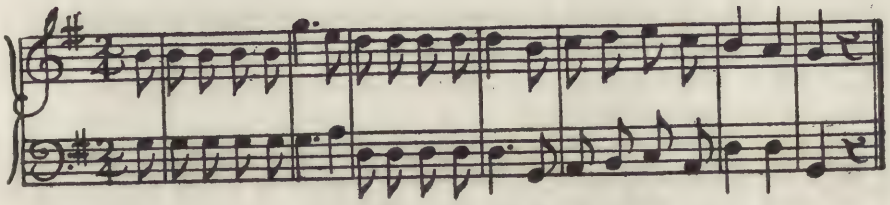


Well met, my brother fřiend, all on the highway riding
So simply, all alone;
I pray you to tell me what may your calling be,
Or are you a servingman?

O! why, my brother dear, what makes you to enquire
Of any such thing at my hand?
But since you are so fāin, then I will tell you plain,
I am a downright husbandman.
But since you are so fāin, then I will tell you plain,
I am a downright husbandman.

If a husbandman you be, then go along with me,
And quickly you shall see out of hand;
Then, in a little space, I will help you to a place
Where you may be a servingman.

Kind sir, I turn you thanks for your intelligence:
These things I receive at your hand;
But something pray now show that first I may plainly know
The pleasures for the servingman.
But something pray now show that first I may plainly know
The pleasures for the servingman.



Why, a servingman has pleasure beyond all sort of measure,
With his hawk on his fist as he stands,
For the game that he does kill and the meat that does him fill
Are pleasures for the servingman.

And my pleasure's more than that; to see my oxen fat,
And a good stack of hay by them stand,
My ploughing and my sowing, my reaping and my mowing,
Are pleasures for the husbandman.
My ploughing and my sowing, my reaping and my mowing,
Are pleasures for the husbandman.

Why, it is a gallant thing to ride out with a king,
With a lord, duke, or any such man;
To hear the horns to blow and see the hounds all in a row—
That is pleasure for the servingman.

But my pleasure's more, I know, to see my corn to grow,
And so thriving all over my land;
And therefore do I mean, with my ploughing with my team,
To keep myself a husbandman.
And therefore do I mean, with my ploughing with my team,
To keep myself a husbandman.

Why, the diet that we eat is the choicest of all meat,
Such as pig, goose, capon, or swan;
Our pastry is so fine, we drink sugar in our wine—
That is living for the servingman.

Talk not of goose or capon, give me good beef or bacon,
And good bread and cheese now and then,

With pudding, brawn, and souse, all in a fārmer's house—
That is living for the husbandman.
With pudding, brawn, and souse, all in a fārmer's house—
That is living for the husbandman.

Why, the clothing that we wear is delicate and rare,
With our coat, lace, buckles, and band;
Our shirts are white as milk, our stockings they are silk—
That is clothing for the servingman.

But I value not a hair for delicate fīne wear,
Such as gold is laced upon;
Give me a good great coat, and in my purse a groat—
That is clothing for the husbandman.
Give me a good great coat, and in my purse a groat—
That is clothing for the husbandman.

Kind sir, it would be bad if none could be had
Those tables for to wait upon;
There is no lord, duke, or squire, nor ne'er a man of honour
Can do without a servingman.

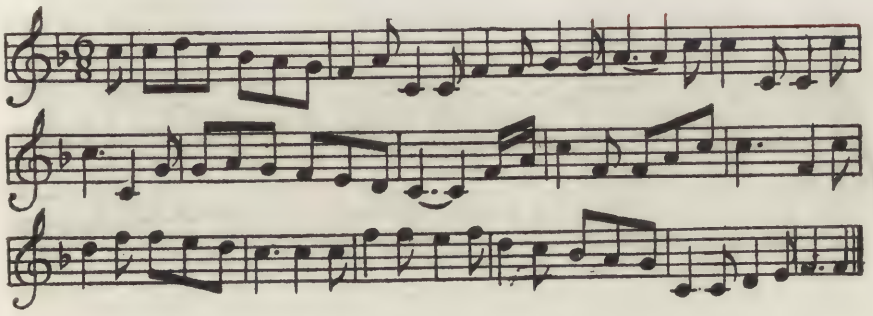
But, Jack, it would be worse if there was none of us
The plough for to follow along;
There is neither lord nor king nor any other one
Can do without the husbandman.
There is neither lord nor king nor any other one
Can do without the husbandman.

Kind sir, I must confess and I humbly protest
I will give you the uppermost hand;
Although your labour's painful, it is so very gainful,
I wish I were a husbandman.

So come now, let us all, both great as well as small,
Pray for the grain of our land;
And let us whatsoever, do all our best endeavour
To maintain the good husbandman.
And let us whatsoever, do all our best endeavour
To maintain the good husbandman.

THE REAPHOOK AND THE SICKLE.

Hampshire Traditional.



Come all you lads and lasses, together let us go
Into some pleasant cornfield our courage for to show;
With the reaphook and the sickle so well we clear the land,
The farmer says, "Well done, my lads, here's liquor at your
command."

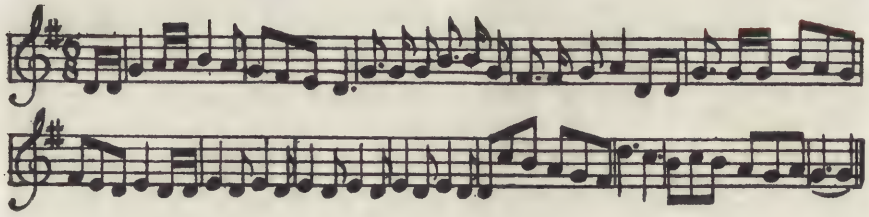
By daylight in the morning, when birds so sweetly sing,
—They are such charming creatures, they make the valley
ring—
We will reap and scrape together till Phoebus do go down,
With the good old leathern bottle & the beer that is so brown.

Then in comes lovely Nancy, the corn all for to lay,
She is my charming creature, I must begin to pray;
See how she gathers it, binds it, she folds it in her arms,
Then gives it to some waggoner to fill a farmer's barns.

Now harvest's done and ended, the corn secure from harm,
All for to go to market, boys, we must thresh in the barn;
Here's a health to all you farmers, likewise to all you men,
I wish you health and happiness till harvest comes again.

WIDDICOMBE FAIR.

Somerset Traditional.



"Tom Heales, Tom Heales, lend me your grey mare,
All along, down along, out along, lee,
For I want to go to Widdicombe Fair

Chorus—°
Wi' Bill Hardiman, Ernest Godman, Charley Downer,
Alf Pilkington, Lewis Hughes, Arthur Cameron,
Cyril Kelsey, George Colverd, Jack Bailey,
Sim Samuels, and old Uncle Tom Cobley & all."

"And when shall I see again my grey mare?"
All along, down along, out along, lee,
"By Friday soon, or Saturday noon

Chorus—Wi' Bill Hardiman, &c."

Then Friday came, and Saturday noon,
All along, down along, out along, lee,
But Tom Heales' old mare she never come

Chorus—Wi' Bill Hardiman, &c.

°The names may be varied according to the singers present

So Tom Heales he got up to the top o' the hill,
All along, down along, out along, lee,
And he seed his old mare down a making her will
Chorus—Wi' Bill Hardiman, &c.

So Tom Heales' old mare, her took sick and died,
All along, down along, out along, lee,
And Tom he sat down on a stone, and he cried
Chorus—Wi' Bill Hardiman, &c.

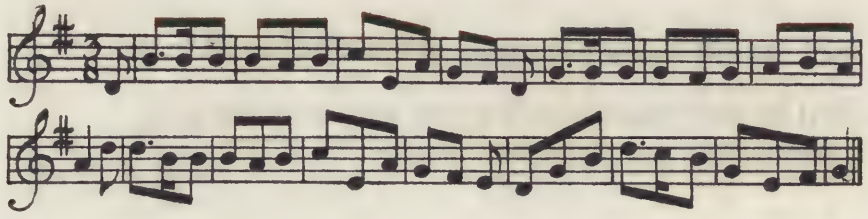
But this isn't the end of this shocking affair,
All along, down along, out along, lee,
Nor though they be dead, of the horrid career
Chorus—Of Bill Hardiman, &c.

When the wind whistles cold on the moor of a night,
All along, down along, out along, lee,
Tom Heales' old mare doth appear gasthly white,
Chorus—Wi' Bill Hardiman, &c.

And all the long night he heard skirling and groans,
All along, down along, out along, lee,
From Tom Heales' old mare in her rattling bones.
Chorus—And from Bill Hardiman, &c.

THE MESSAGE OF THE MARCH WIND.

Words by William Morris. Air—"Teddy O'Neil."
19th Century.



Fair now is the springtide, now earth lies beholding
With the eyes of a lover, the face of the sun;
Long lasteth the daylight, and hope is enfolding
The green-growing acres with increase begun.
Now sweet, sweet it is through the land to be straying
'Mid the birds and the blossoms and the beasts of the field.
Love mingles with love, and no evil is weighing
On thy heart or mine, where all sorrow is healed.

From township to township, o'er down and by tillage
Fair, far have we wandered, and long was the day,
But now cometh eve at the end of the village,
Where over the grey wall the church riseth grey.
There is wind in the twilight; in the white road before us
The straw from the ox-yard is blowing about;
The moon's rim is rising, a star glitters o'er us,
And the vane on the spiretop is swinging in doubt.

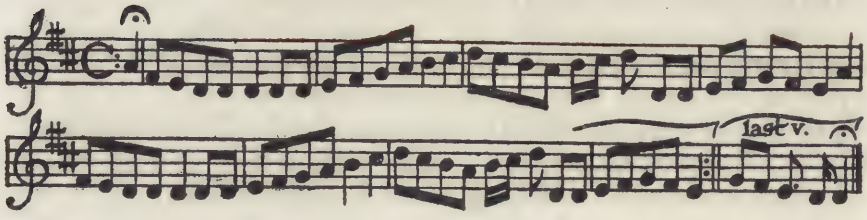
Hark! the wind in the elm-boughs! From London it bloweth,
And telleth of gold, and of hope and unrest;
Of power that helps not; of wisdom that knoweth,
But teacheth not aught of the worst and the best:
Of rich men it telleth, and strange is the story
How they have, and they hanker, and grip far and wide,
And they live and they die, and the earth and its glory
Has been but a burden they scarce might abide.

Hark! the March wind again of a people is telling;
Of the life that they live there, so haggard and grim
That if we and our love amidst them had been dwelling
My fondness had faltered, thy beauty grown dim.
How long, and for what, is their patience abiding?
How oft, and how oft shall their story be told,
While the hope that none seeketh in darkness is hiding,
And in grief, and in sorrow, the world groweth old?

For it beareth the message: "Rise up on the morrow,
And go on your ways toward the doubt and the strife;
Join hope to our hope, and blend sorrow with sorrow,
And seek for men's love in the short days of life."
But lo, the old inn, and the lights, and the fire,
And the fiddler's old tune and the shuffling of feet;
Soon for us shall be quiet, and rest and desire,
And to-morrow's uprising to deeds shall be sweet.

LONDON TOWN.

Words by John Masefield. Air: "London is a fine town."
1665.



Oh London Town 's a fine town, & London sights are rare,
And London ale is right ale, and brisk 's the London air,
And busily goes the world there, but crafty grows the mind,
And London Town of all towns I'm glad to leave behind.

They hey for croft & hop-yard, and hill, and field, & pond,
With Bredon Hill before me and Malvern Hill beyond.
The hawthorn white i' the hedgerow, & all the spring's attire
In the comely land of Teme and Lugg, and Clent and Clee,
and Wyre.

Oh London girls are brave girls, in silk and cloth o' gold,
And London shops are rare shops where gallant things are sold,
And bonnily clinks the gold there, but drowsily blinks the eye,
And London Town of all towns I'm glad to hurry by.

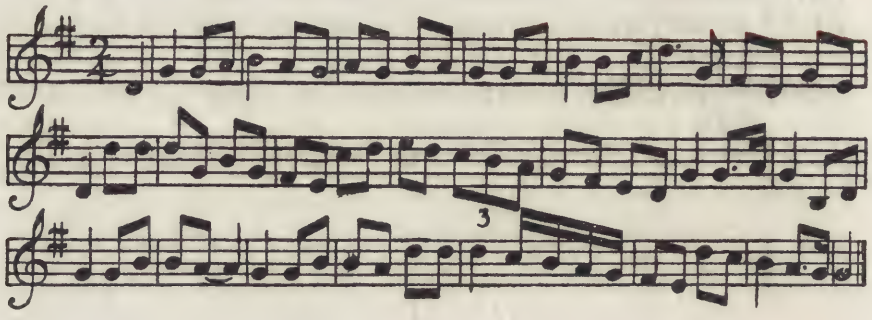
Then, hey for covert & woodland, and ash and elm and oak,
Tewkesbury inns, and Malvern roofs, & Worcester chimney smoke,
The red-fēlled Hereford cattle a-lowing from fīeld & byre,
And Bradlow Knoll, and Kilbury Camp, and Ledbury Church's spire.

Oh London tunes are new tunes, & London books are wise,
And London plays are rare plays, and fīne to country eyes,
But craftily fāres the knave there, and wickedly fāres the Jew,
And London Town of all towns I'm glad to hurry through.

So hey for the road, the west road, by mill and fōrge & fōld.
Scent of the fern and song of the lark by brook, and fīeld, and wold,
To the comely fōlk at the hearth-stone and the ale beside the fīre,
In the hearty land, the home land, my land of heart's desire.

GROUND FOR THE FLOOR.

Cambridgeshire Traditional.



I've lived in a wood for a number of years,
With my dog and my gun I drive away all cares;
I've a neat little cottage, and the roof it is secure,
If you look down below you'll find ground for the floor.

Chorus. Ground for the floor, if you look down below,
You'll find ground for the floor.

My cot is surrounded with bramble and thorn,
And sweet are the notes of the birds in the morn;
I've a guinea in my pocket and plenty more in store,
If you look down below you'll find ground for the floor.

Chorus. Ground for the floor, if you look down below,
You'll find ground for the floor.

My bed's made of straw my limbs to repose
And as for myself I've but one suit of clothes;
And that's made of ticking, all stitched up secure,
If you look down below you'll find ground for the floor.

Chorus. Ground for the floor, &c.

As for grates I've got none, for my fire's on the ground,
And chairs I've got none to set myself down;
I've a three-legged stool, it's the chief of my store,
In my neat little cottage with ground for the floor.
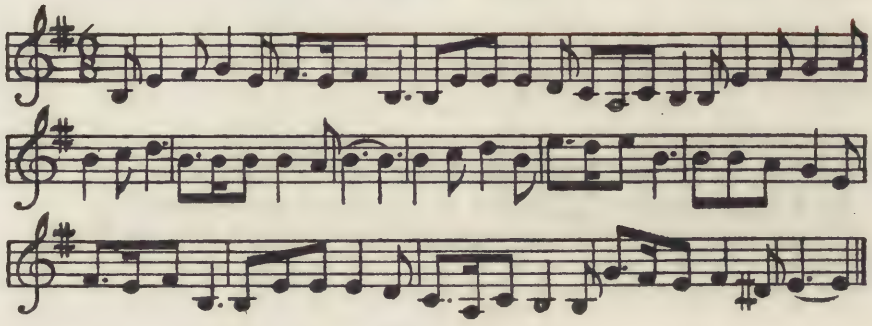
Chorus. Ground for the floor, &c.

God bless my dear father, he's dead and he's gone,
I hope he's safe in heaven, where he'll never more return;
He's left me all his riches, and I've plenty more in store,
In my neat little cottage with ground for the floor.

Chorus. Ground for the floor, &c.

THE OLD COURT HOUSE AT LONG CRENDON.

A Buckinghamshire Medley.
Words by C. R. Ashbee.
Air: "Crockamy Daisy Kitty Alone." 1611.



Came Kate the Queen long ages away,
Up in the Court House high on the Hill,
Her knights, her squires, her ladies gay,
Under the Chestnut bough.
Tapestried walls a wonder to weave,
Rustle of silk in wimple and sleeve,
Passed as a dream on a midsummer eve—
And we by the ingle now!

Oh! passed as a dream, or the quaff from a glass;
Up in the Court House high on the Hill,
Aye, passed as a Tune, as all shall pass;
Under the Chestnut bough.
As the plums we set, or the lawn that we laid,
Or the perfumed limes that yielded us shade,
Or the twisted rose and the arches it made—
Or we by the ingle now.

Have ye thought of the loom or the lessening spool?
Up in the Court House high on the Hill,
Where once they gathered the balèd wool,
Under the Chestnut bough.

Clink of scales and lading of wains,
Chaffer of staplers, counting of gains,
Pride and pomp of velvet and chains—
And we by the ingle now.

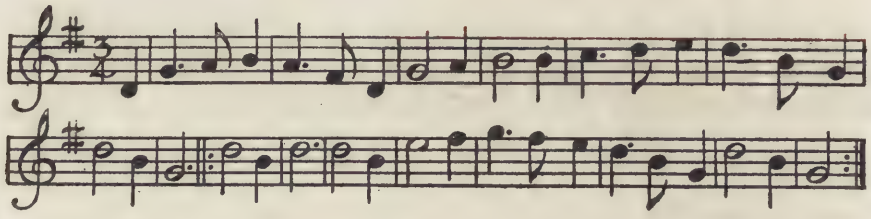
Have ye seen the flood aswirl on the Thame,
Up from the Court House high on the Hill,
Or the witches leap in the lightening flame,
Under the Chestnut bough?
Have ye seen the rift where the willow tree stood?
And the thornèd bullock's heart dripping with blood,
As the white man of Notley rides in the wood—
And we by the ingle now?

You asked a song—I fāshioned you these
(Up in the Court House high on the Hill.)
Verses I learned of the Crendon bees,
Under the Chestnut bough.
They're part of the dream and the drowse of it all,
The love and the light and the yellow-bill's call,
The flowers, and the scents, and the gray church wall—
And we by the ingle now!

Oh! sweet the tales they eerily tell,
Up in the Court House high on the Hill:
To rest and sup after work is well,
Under the Chestnut bough.
Good are the gifts the summer nights bring,
Or the songs with the old-world fār-away swing,
But best is the fēllowship gathered to sing
Here by the ingle now.

HARVEST HOME.

Air by Purcell, from 'King Arthur.' 1691.



Your hay it is mow'd, and your corn is reap'd:
Your barns will be fŭll, and your hovels heap'd.
Come, boys, come; come, boys, come,
And merrily roar out our harvest home.

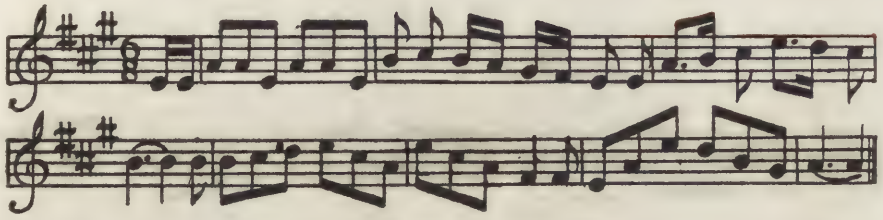
Chorus. Harvest home, harvest home,
And merrily roar out our harvest home,
And merrily roar out our harvest home.

We'll toss off our ale till we cannot stand;
And heigh for the honour of Old England!
Old England, Old England,
And heigh for the honour of Old England.

Chorus. Old England, Old England,
And heigh for the honour of Old England,
And heigh for the honour of Old England.

THE TWO BRETHREN.

Wiltshire Traditional.



There were two loving brothers, two brethren were born,
  Two brethren whose trades we still keep;
The one was a ploughman, a planter of corn,
  The other a tender of sheep.

Come, all jolly ploughboys, come help me for to sing,
  I'll sing in the praise of the plough,
For though we must labour from summer to spring,
  We all will be merry boys now.
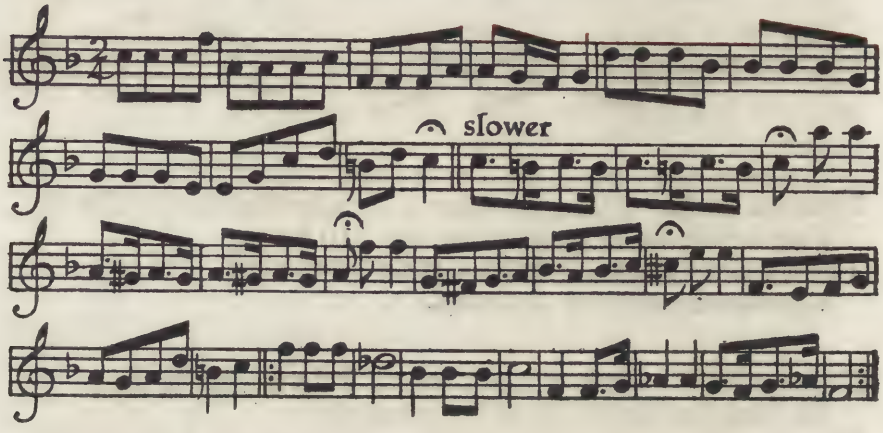
We've hirèd, we've mirèd, through mire and through clay,
  No pleasure at all could we find;
Now we'll laugh, dance and sing, and drive care away,
  No more in this world to repine.

Here's April, here's May, here's June and July,
  'Tis a pleasure to see the corn grow;
In August we moil it, shear low, and reap high,
  And bind up our scythes for to mow.

So now we have gathered up every sheaf,
  And scrapèd up every ear;
We'll make no more to-do, but to plough and to sow,
  And provide for the very next year.

THE UNKNOWN SHEPHERD'S COMPLAINT.

Words by Richard Barnfield. 1600.
Air by C. R. Ashbee. 1895.



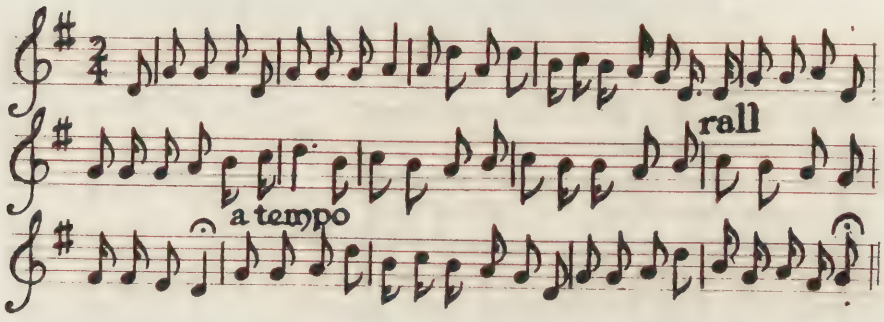
My flocks fēed not! My ewes breed not!
My rams speed not! All is amiss!
Love is denying! Faith is defying!
Hearts renying, causer of this!
All my merry jigs are quite fōrgot!
All my Lady's love is lost, God wot!
Where her fāith was firmly fixed in love;
There a 'Nay!' is placed, without remove.
One silly cross wrought all my loss!
O frowning FORTUNE! cursed fickle Dame!
For now I see, inconstancy
More in women than in men remain!

In black, mourn I! All fĕars scorn I!
Love hath fŏrlorn me, living in thrall!
Heart is bleeding, all help needing!
O, cruel speeding, fraughted with gall!
My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal!
My wether's bell rings doleful knell!
My curtail dog, that wont to have played
Plays not at all! but seems afraid.
With sighs so deep, procures to weep
In howling wise, to see my doleful plight.
How sighs resound, through heartless ground,
Like a thousand vanquished men in bloody fight.

Clear wells spring not! Sweet birds sing not!
Green plants bring not fŏrth their dye!
Herds stand weeping! Flocks all sleeping!
Nymphs back peeping fearfully!
All our pleasure known to us poor Swains,
All our merry meeting on the plains,
All our evening sports, from us are fled!
All our love is lost; for love is dead!
Farewell, sweet Love! thy like ne'er was
For sweet content! the cause of all my moan.
Poor CORIDON must live alone!
Other help for him, I see that there is none!

JACK-IN-THE-GREEN'S SONG.

Words by Gerald Bishop. 1904.
Air: "Strawberry Fair." 17th Century.



Oh! merrily we'll dance! says Jack-in-the-green;
High low! High low! all the earth is gaily!
Sure there never was a fellow like Jack-in-the-green,
Summer's here!
He's green on the outside, and inside he's green;
Oh, merrily we'll dance round Jack-in-the-green!
High low! High low! all the earth is gaily!
High low! High low! all the earth is green!

I'm sleeping all the Winter, says Jack-in-the-green;
High low! High low! all the earth is gaily!
Snuggling in the tree bark from frost and wind so keen,
Summer's here!
I chuckle to the wood elves and mark old Winter's roar,
And now that I'm come out we shall never see him more.
High low! High low! all the earth is gaily!
High low! High low! all the earth is green!

I've been hiding in the hillside, I've been hiding in the hedge,
High low! High low! all the earth is gaily!
In the daffies in the meadow, all along the river edge,
Summer's here!

In the violet in the hollow, in the primrose down the lane,
And now the hiding time is o'er and Summer's come again.
High low! High low! all the earth is gaily!
High low! High low! all the earth is green!

Do you see the corn a-blading? do you hear the blackbird call?
High low! High low! all the earth is gaily!
Do you hear the cuckoo singing? and that's the best of all.
Summer's here

The thrush is busy nesting, do you hear the finches sweet?
The dancing green is come, & can't you feel it in your feet!
High low! High low! all the earth is gaily!
High low! High low! all the earth is green!

The green is on the meadow, the green is on the hill;
High low! High low! all the earth is gaily!
There's dancing in the water of the stream that turns the mill,
Summer's here

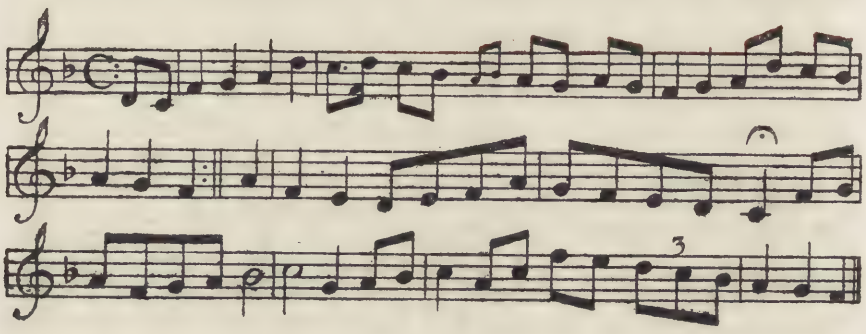
There's joy in copse and spinney, forgetting winter pain;
There's joy in heart of man & beast, the green is come again.
High low! High low! all the earth is gaily!
High low! High low! all the earth is green!

Oh, merrily we'll dance, says Jack-in-the-green;
High low! High low! all the earth is gaily!
Sure there never was a fellow like Jack-in-the-green.
Summer's here!

He's green on the outside, and inside he's green,
Oh, merrily we'll dance round Jack-in-the-green.
High low! High low! all the earth is gaily!
High low! High low! all the earth is green!

DAMOETAS' JIG, IN PRAISE OF HIS LOVE.

Words by John Wootton. 1600.
Air: 'Venus and Adonis.' Surrey Traditional.



Jolly Shepherd, Shepherd on a hill,
On a hill so merrily, so merrily.
Fear not, Shepherd, there to pipe thy fill!
On a hill so cheerily, so cheerily.
Fill every dale! fill every plain!
Both sing and say, say, say—Both sing and say, 'Love feels no pain!'

Jolly Shepherd, Shepherd on a green,
On a green so merrily, so merrily.
Be thy voice shrill! be thy mirth seen!
On a green so cheerily, so cheerily.
Heard to each Swain! seen to each Trull!
Both sing and say, say, say—Both sing and say, 'Life's joy is full!'

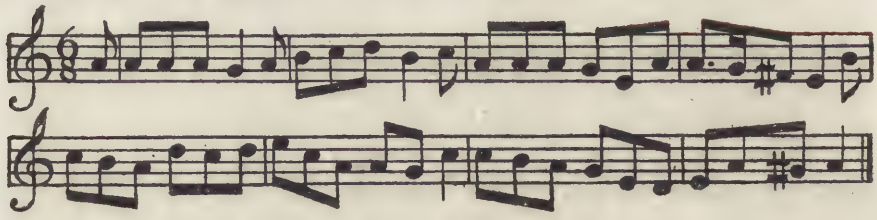
Jolly Shepherd, Shepherd in the sun,
In the sun so merrily, so merrily.
Sing forth thy songs! and let thy rhymes run
In the sun so cheerily, so cheerily.
Down to the dales, from the hills above!
Both sing and say, say, say—Both sing and say, 'No life, to Love!'

Jolly Shepherd, Shepherd in the shade,
In the shade so merrily, so merrily.
Joy in thy life, a life of Shepherd's trade!
In the shade so cheerily, so cheerily.
Joy in thy love! love full of glee!
Both sing and say, say, say—Both sing and say, 'Sweet love for me!'

Jolly Shepherd, Shepherd here or there,
Here or there so merrily, so merrily.
Or in thy chat, either at thy cheer,
Here or there so cheerily, so cheerily.
In every jig, in every lay,
Both sing and say, say, say—Both sing and say, 'Love lasts for aye!'

Jolly Shepherd! Shepherd, Daphnis' Love!
O Daphnis' Love, so merrily.
Let thy fancy never more remove!
O Daphnis' Love, so cheerily.
Fancy be fixed; fixed not to fleet!
Still sing and say, say, say—Still sing and say, 'Love's yoke is sweet!'

THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR. Sussex Traditional.



The sun it goes down, the sky it looks red,
Down on yonder pillow I lay down my head,
I lift up my eyes to see the stars shine,
But still this young damsel she runs in my mind.

When the sap it goes up the tree it will flaw,
We'll first branch him round, boys, and put in the saw;
But when we have sawed him, and tumbled him down,
Then we do flaw him, all on the cold ground.

When flawing is over, haying draws near,
With our scythes and our pitchforks some grass for to clear:
But when we have mowed it and carried it away
We first called it green grass, we now call it hay.

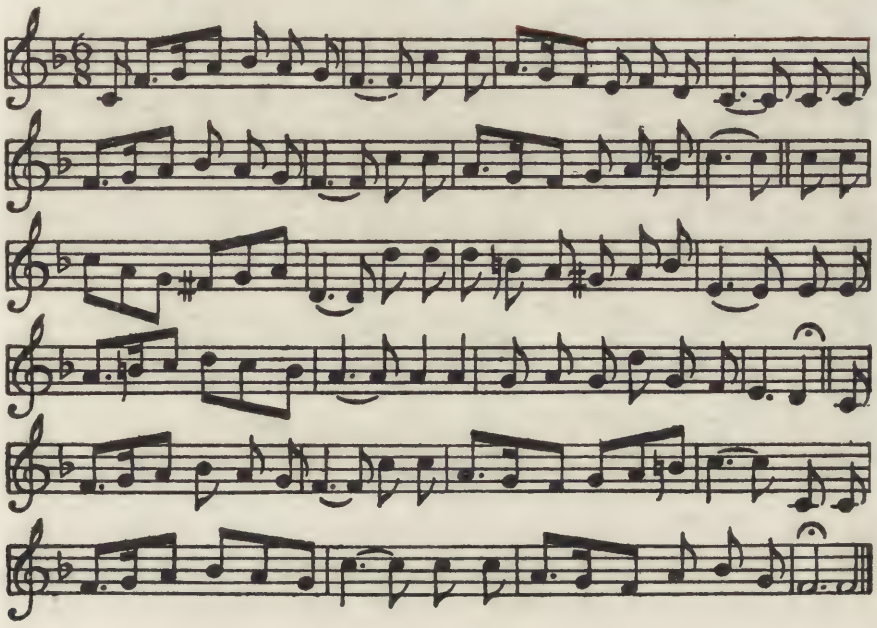
When haying is over, then harvest draws near,
We'll send for the brewer, to brew us strong beer;
To brew us strong beer for the hard working men,
For they work late and early till harvest does end.

When the sap it goes down then the leaves they do fall,
The farmer to his hedging and ditching to call,
But when it's hard weather there's no working there,
Then into the barn, boys, some corn for to clear.

When Spring it come on, the maid to her cow,
The boy to his whip, and the man to his plough,
And so we bring all things so cheerfully round,
Success to the ploughman that ploughs up the ground!

THE SHEPHERD.

Words by W. Blake. 1788.
Air by Janet E. Ashbee. 1904.



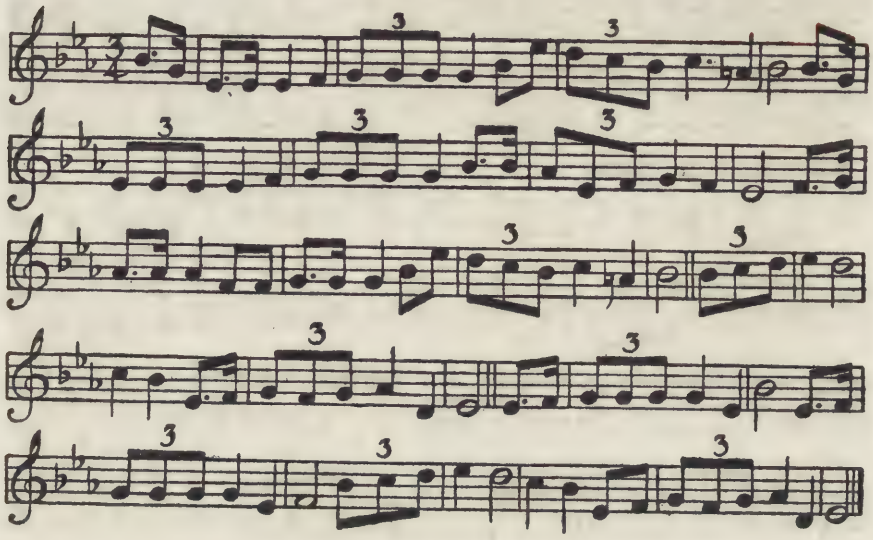
How sweet is the shepherd's sweet lot!
From the morn to the evening he strays;
He shall fŏllow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be fĭlled with praise.

For he hears the lambs' innocent call,
And he hears the ewes' tender reply;
He is watchful while they are in peace,
For they know when their shepherd is nigh.

How sweet is the shepherd's sweet lot!
From the morn to the evening he strays;
He shall fŏllow his sheep all the day.
And his tongue shall be fĭlled with praise.

THE COTTAGE THATCHED WITH STRAW.

Devonshire Traditional.



In the days of yore, there sat at his door
An old fărmer, and thus sang he,
"With my pipe and my glass, I wish every class
On the earth were as well as me!"
For he envied not any man his lot,
The richest, the proudest, he saw,
For he had home-brew'd, brown bread,
And a cottage well thatch'd with straw.

Chorus. A cottage well thatch'd with straw,
A cottage well thatch'd with straw;
For he had home brew'd, brown bread,
And a cottage well thatch'd with straw.

"My dear old dad this snug cottage had,
And he got it, I'll tell you how.
He won it, I wot, with the best coin got,
With the sweat of an honest brow.
Then says my old dad, 'Be careful, lad,
To keep out of the lawyer's claw.
So you'll have home brew'd, brown bread,
And a cottage well thatch'd with straw.'

Chorus. A cottage well thatch'd with straw, &c.

"The ragged, the torn, from my door I don't turn,
But I give them a crust of brown;
And a drop of good ale, my lad, without fail,
For to wash the brown crust down.
Tho' rich I may be, it may chance to me,
That misfortune should spoil my store,
So I'd lack home-brew'd, brown bread,
And a cottage well thatch'd with straw.

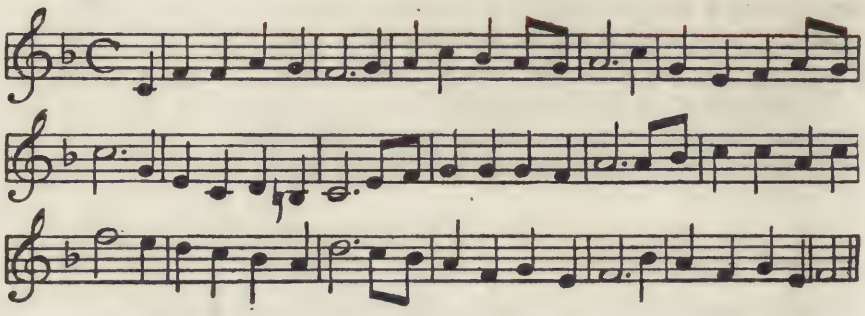
Chorus. A cottage well thatch'd with straw, &c.

"Then in frost and snow to the Church I go,
No matter the weather how;
And the service and prayer that I put up there
Is to Him who speeds the plough.
Sunday saints, i' feck, who cheat all the week,
With a ranting and canting jaw,
Not for them is my home-brew'd, brown bread,
And my cottage well thatch'd with straw."

Chorus. My cottage well thatch'd with straw,
My cottage well thatch'd with straw;
Not for them is my home-brew'd, brown bread,
And my cottage well thatch'd with straw.

SEVERN SIDE.

Words by C. R. Ashbee.
Air: 'A Farmer's Son so Sweet.' Late 18th century.



A giant of old time
  Lost all his strength and pride,
Till, says an ancient rhyme,
  He touched his mountain side.
Then his strength came back to him,
New-nerved in every limb,
And he stood all taut and trim
  As an oak on Severn side,
  Way down by Severn side.

I dreamed this dream one day
  As waking lonely I lay,
And London-town all round
  Spread wide her nightmare grey;
When through my dream called he,
  And the grim grey pall unwound
For the dream clouds to divide,
And I walked by Severn side,
  Way down by Severn side.

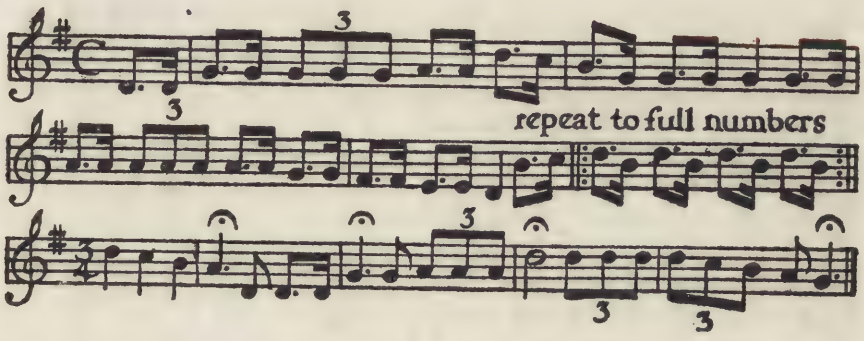
Then silent through my dream
Flowed far her silvery stream
  My wild Welsh hills among
  That gave me life and song.
There was joy and light and power,
There was glory in each flower,
  There were all things fresh and young
Where I stood by Severn side,
Way down by Severn side.

Her swarm of birds I've seen:
  The wild white indolent swan,
The moor hen hid in green,
  The heron grey and wan;
I've the burnished kingfisher spied,
  Through a haze of golden skies
  In swift blue rings he flies,
By the reeds of Severn side,
Way down by Severn side.

But here be grim grey walls,
  Dark days and no summer sun,
  A task that's never done,
  An end that's never won.
Still my old time giant calls,
  And to this call I've cried:
  "Let me be not denied,
  Bring me back to Severn side.
  Way down by Severn side."

HAYMAKERS' SONG.

Essex Traditional.



I've my one my man, my two my men,
To mow my hay all day;
I've my three my men, my four my men,
To cart my hay away.

Chorus. I've my four, my three, my two, my one,
And some more
To mow my hay, to cart it away—
All for a jolly good fellow.

I've my five my men, my six my men,
To mow my hay all day;
I've my seven my men, my eight my men,
To cart my hay away.

Chorus. I've my eight, my seven, my six, my five, &c.

I've my nine my men, my ten my men,
To mow my hay all day;
I've my eleven my men, my twelve my men,
To cart my hay away.

Chorus. I've my twelve, my 'leven, my ten, my nine, &c.

I've my thirteen men, my fourteen men,
To mow my hay all day;
I've my fifteen men, my sixteen men,
To cart my hay away.

Chorus. I've my sixteen, fifteen, fourteen, thirteen, twelve, &c.

I've my seventeen men, my eighteen men,
To mow my hay all day;
I've my nineteen men, my twenty men,
To cart my hay away.

Chorus. I've my twenty, nineteen, eighteen, seventeen, &c.

I've my thirty men, my forty men,
To mow my hay all day;
I've my fifty men, my sixty men,
To cart my hay away.

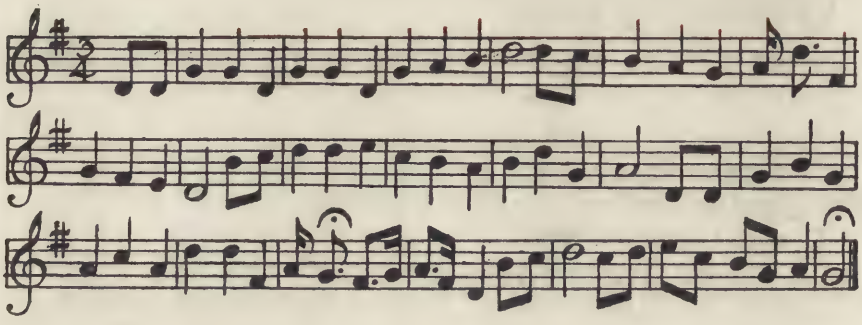
Chorus. I've my sixty, fifty, forty, thirty, twenty, &c.

I've my seventy men, my eighty men,
To mow my hay all day;
I've my ninety men, my hundred men,
To cart my hay away.

Chorus. I've my hundred, ninety, eighty, seventy, sixty,
fifty, forty, thirty, twenty, nineteen, eighteen,
seventeen, sixteen, fifteen, fourteen, thirteen,
twelve, my 'leven, my ten, my nine, my eight,
my seven, my six, my five, my four, my three,
my two, my one,
And NO more
To mow my hay, to cart it away—
All for a jolly good fellow.

THE CAMPDEN MAYPOLE SONG.

Words by Laurence Housman. 1904.
Air: "Peace-Egging Song," Lancashire Traditional.



Oh, lads, where go ye on the highroad to-day?
(On the hill, in the valley, how the green grass doth grow!)
We are going up to Campden this first morn of May,
Where round the green maypole the pretty maids do show.

Chorus. There Broadway lies keeping her flocks under hill,
There's Willersey sleeping, and sleeps with a will;
But Campden, Chipping Campden, Broad Campden, I say,
Is waking to life on this first morn of May!

Oh, lads, and what will ye do, when ye get there?
(On the hill, in the valley, how the young lambs do spring!)
We will dance on the green sward, link hands with the fair,
And round the green maypole full merrily will sing!

Chorus. There's Weston asleep on the side of a hill,
And Mickleton deep in its slumbers lies still;
But Campden, Chipping Campden, Broad Campden, I say,
Is waking to life on the first morn of May!

Oh, lads, and what hopes will ye bear thence away?
(On the hill, in the valley, how the merry bells do chime?)
We will carry back good hopes for another morn of May,
With another green maypole the very next time.

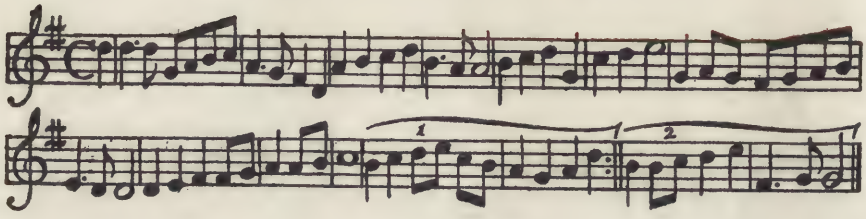
Chorus. Let Welford and Saintbury hide where they will,
Let Stanway and Quinton bide under their hill!
But Campden, Chipping Campden, Broad Campden, I say,
Is waking to life on this first morn of May!

Oh, lads, and what will ye do, when ye grow old?
(On the hill, in the valley, how the young lambs do leap!)
We will talk of the days when the merry boys were bold,
And then in our beds we will lie down and sleep.

Chorus. So here up at Campden, at Campden we meet:
Saw you ever such children, or such a fine street?
For Campden, Chipping Campden, Broad Campden, I say,
Is waking to life on this first morn of May.

WHO CAN LIVE IN HEART SO GLAD.

From the Passionate Shepherd by Nicholas Breton. 1604.
Air: 'In the Merry Month of May.'

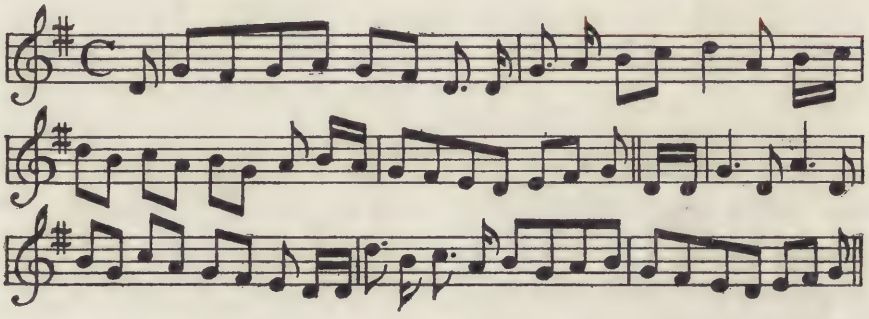


Who can live in heart so glad
As the merry Country Lad!
Who, upon a fāir green balk,
May, at pleasure, sit and walk;
And, amid the azure skies,
See the morning sun arise!
While he hears, in every Spring,
How the birds do chirp and sing;

Or, before the hounds in cry,
See the hare go stealing by;
Or, along the shallow brook,
Angling with a baited hook,
See the fishes leap and play,
In a blessèd sunny day;
Or to hear the partridge call
Till she have her covey all;
Or to see the subtle fox,
How the villain plies the box!
After feeding on his prey;
How he closely sneaks away
Through the hedge, and down the furrow,
Till he gets into his burrow!
Then the bee to gather honey;
And the little black-haired coney,
On a bank, for sunny place,
With her forefeet wash her face:
Are not these, with thousands moe
Than the Courts of Kings do know,
The true pleasing spirit's sights,
That may breed true love's delights?

TURMUT-HOEING.

Oxfordshire Traditional.



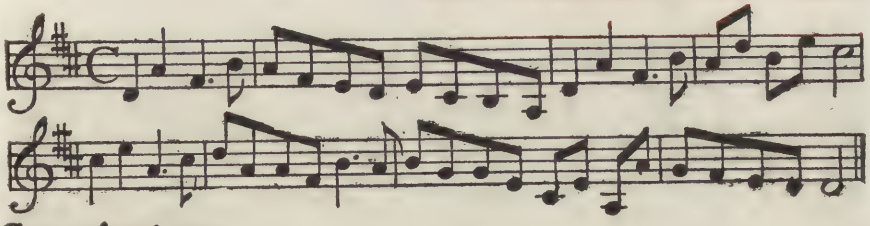
'Twas on a jolly summer's morn, the twenty-first of May,
Giles Scroggins took his turmut-hoe, with which he trudged away;
For some delights in haymakin', & some they fancies mowin',
But of all the trades as I likes best, give I the turmut-hoein'.
Chorus. For the fly, the fly, the fly is on the turmut;
And its all my eye for we to try, to keep fly off the turmut.

Now the first place as I went to work, it were at Farmer Tower's,
He vowed and sweared and then declared, I were a first-rate hoer.
Now the next place as I went to work, I took it by the job,
But if I'd ha' knowed it a little afore, I'd sooner been in quod.
Chorus. For the fly, &c.

When I was over at yonder farm. they sent for I a-mowin',
But I sent word back I'd sooner have the sack, than lose my turmut-hoein'.
Now all you jolly farming lads as bides at home so warm,
I now concludes my ditty with wishing you no harm.
Chorus. For the fly, &c.

HONEST DOVER'S FANCY.

Words by John Masefield. 1904.
Air: "Greenwich Park." 1698.



Campden town
Is quiet after London riot;
Campden street
Is kindly to the feet;
Campden wold,
So bonny to behold,
Is merry with the blowing wind & glad with growing wheat.

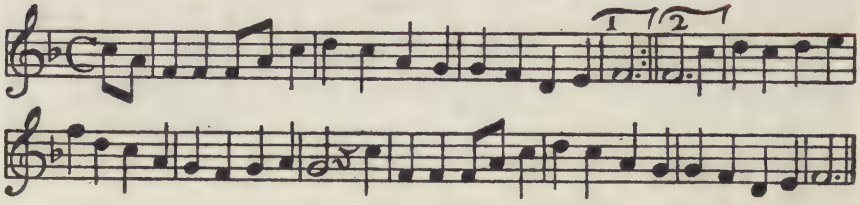
Campden fields
Are covered up with buttercup,
And bluebells slight
That tremble with delight;
Cuckoos come
When blossom's on the plum
And blossom's on the apple trees in petals red and white.

Campden woods
Are ringing with the blackbirds singing
Thrill! thrill! thrill!
O merry orange bill!
Sweet! sweet! sweet!
Says the chaffinch in the wheat;
All the pretty birds that are do delicately trill!

Dover's Hill
Has bramble bushes full of thrushes;
Tall green trees
That set a heart at ease;
Soft green grass
Where little rabbits pass
To nibble yellow buttercups amid the honey bees.

THE PAINFUL (or FAITHFUL) PLOUGH.

Surrey Traditional.



Come, all you jolly ploughmen, of courage stout and bold,
That labour all the winter, in the stormy winds and cold;
To clothe your fields with plenty, your farmyards to renew,
For to crown them with contentment behold the painful plough.

Says the gardener to the ploughman, "Don't count your trade with ours,
Walk down in those fair gardens, and view those pretty flowers;
Also those curious borders, and pleasant walks to view,
There's no such peace nor pleasure performèd by the plough."

Says the ploughman to the gardener, "My calling don't despise,
Each man for his living upon his trade relies;
Were it not for the ploughman both rich and poor would rue,
For we are all dependent upon the painful plough.

"Adam in the garden was sent to keep it right,
The length of time he stayed there I believe it was one night;
Yet of his own labour I call it not his due,
Soon he left his garden, and went to hold the plough.

"For Adam was a ploughman when ploughing first begun,
The next that did succeed him was Cain, his eldest son;
Some of the generation this calling now pursue;
That bread may not be wanting, remains the painful plough.

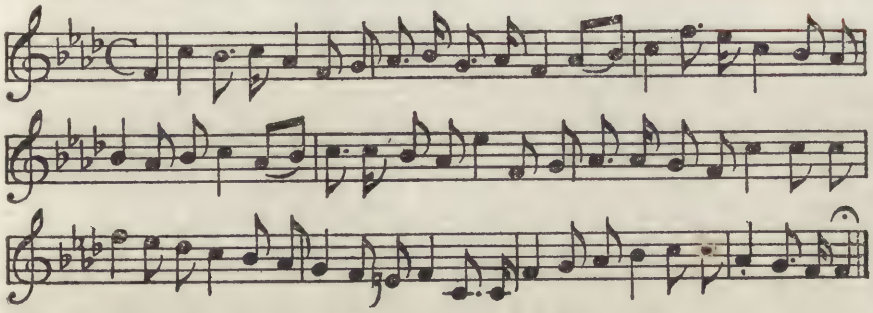
"Samson was the strongest man, and Solomon was wise,
Alexander, for to conquer was all his daily pride,
King David he was valiant, and many thousands slew,
There's none of your brave heroes can live without the plough.

"Behold the worthy merchant that sails on foreign seas,
That brings home gold and silver for those who live at ease;
With fine silks and spices, and fruits also, too,
They were all brought from the Indies by the virtue of the plough.

"Them that brings them over will find what I say true,
You cannot sail the ocean without the painful plough,
For they must have bread, biscuits, rice pudding, flour, and peas,
To feed the jolly sailors as they sails upon the seas."

I hope there's none offended with me for singing this,
For it was not intended for anything amiss;
If you consider rightly you'll own what I say's true,
There's no trade you can mention as can live without the plough."

THE LARK IN THE MORN. Traditional.



The lark in the morn as she rises from her nest
Mounts thro' the white air, with the dew on her breast,
'Long with the pretty ploughboy, she'll whistle and she'll sing,
And return to her nest in the cool evening.
And return to her nest in the cool evening.

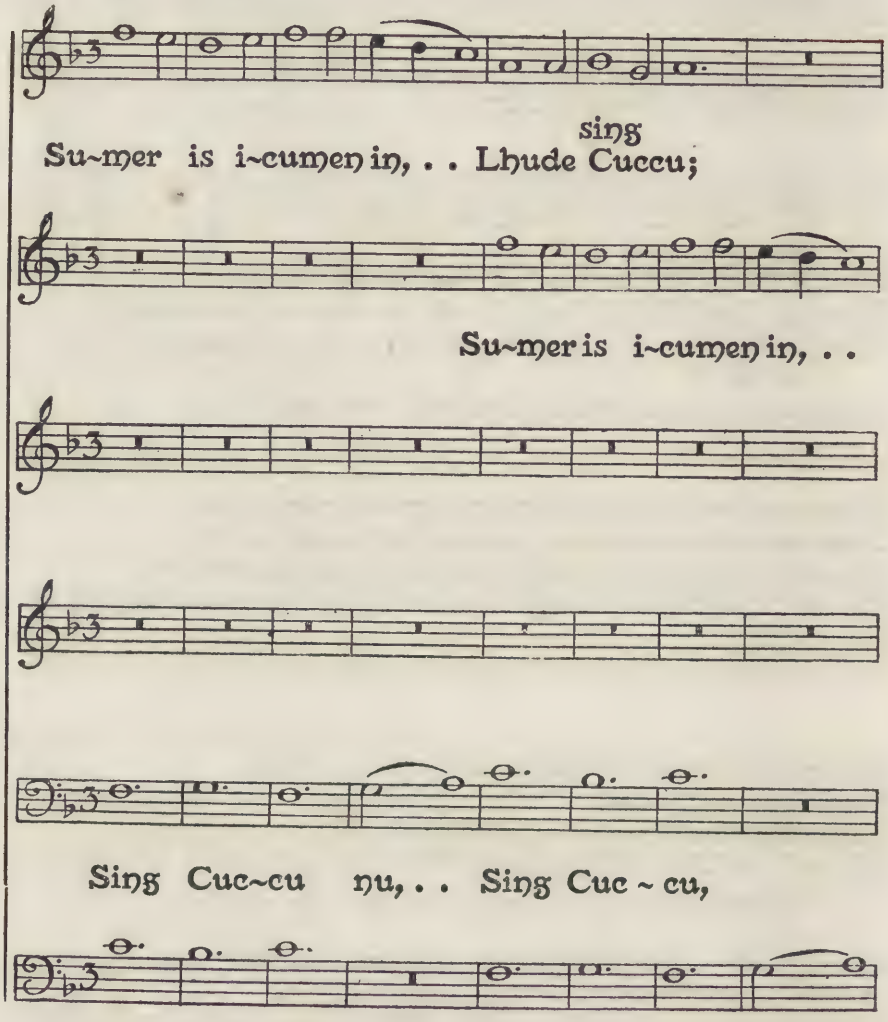
One morning she mounted so cheerily on high,
She look'd round about her and at the dark sky,
And loudly she was singing and twittering her lay,
There's no life like the ploughboy's in the sweet month of May.
There's no life like the ploughboy's in the sweet month of May.

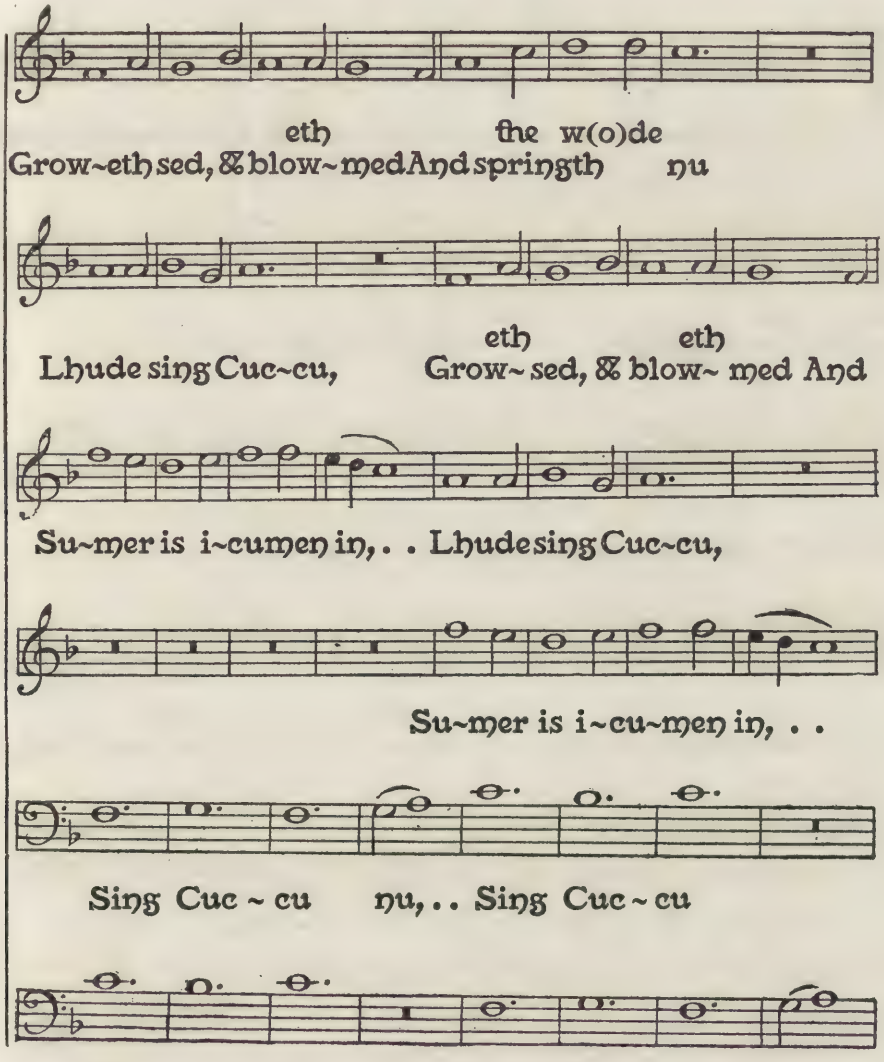
When day's work is ended and over, he'll go
To fāir or to market to buy him a bow,
And whistle as he walks, O! and shrilly too will sing,
There's no life like the ploughboy's all in merry spring.
There's no life like the ploughboy's all in merry spring.

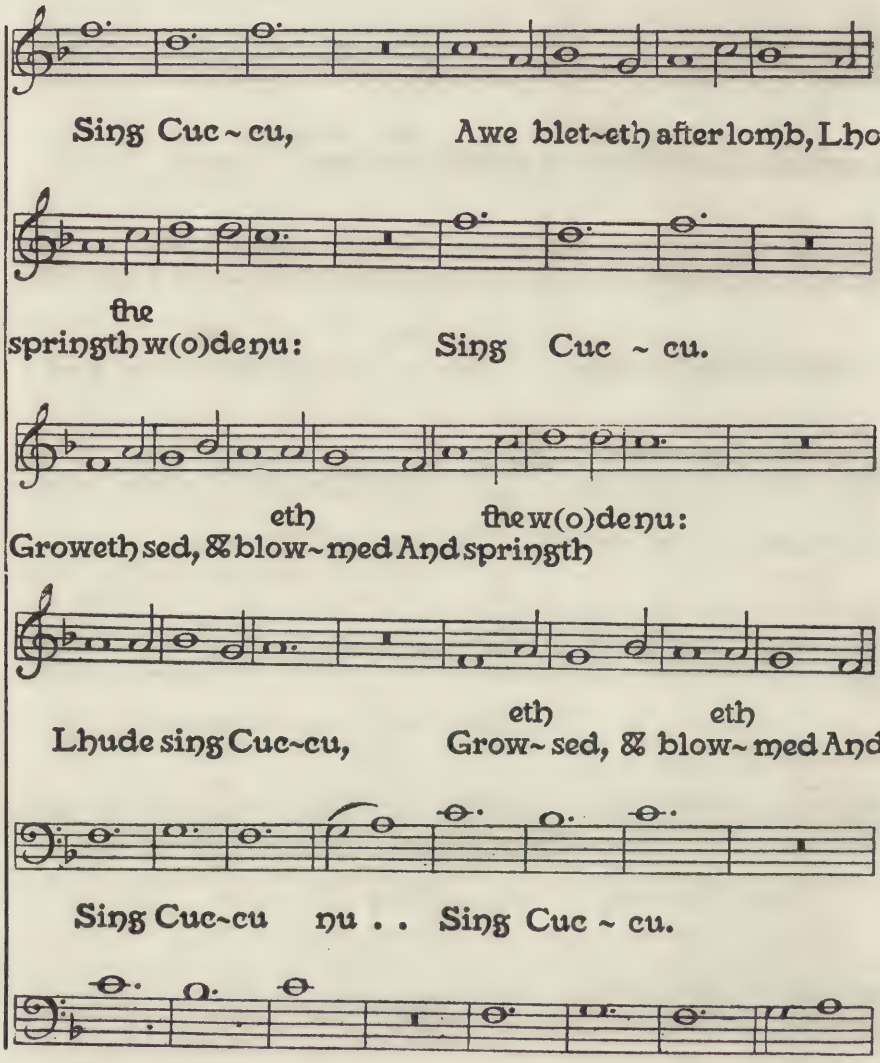
Good luck to the ploughboy wherever he may be,
A fāir pretty maiden he'll take on his knee,
He'll drink the nut-brown ale, & this song the lad will sing,
Oh! the ploughboy is happier than noble or king.
Oh! the ploughboy is happier than noble or king.

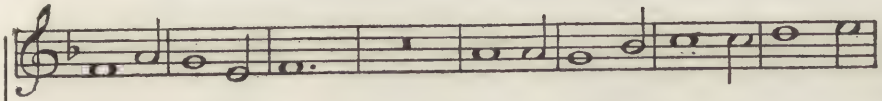
SUMER IS ICUMEN IN.

Canon, 1240.

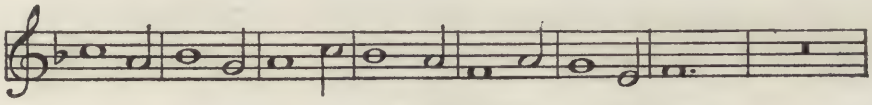



eth the w(o)de
Grow~eth sed, & blow~med And springth nu
eth eth
Lhude sing Cuc~cu, Grow~ sed, & blow~ med And
Su~mer is i~cumen in, . . Lhude sing Cuc~cu,
Su~mer is i~cu~men in, . .
Sing Cuc ~ cu nu, . . Sing Cuc ~ cu
Sing Cuc ~ cu, Sing Cuc ~ cu nu, . .

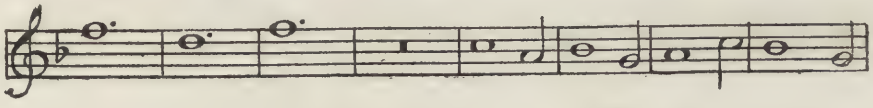

Sing Cuc ~ cu, Awe blet~eth after lomb, Lhouth
the
springth w(o)de nu: Sing Cuc ~ cu.
eth the w(o)de nu:
Groweth sed, & blow~med And springth
eth eth
Lhude sing Cuc~cu, Grow~sed, & blow~med And
Sing Cuc~cu nu . . Sing Cuc ~ cu.
Sing Cuc ~ cu. Sing Cuc ~ cu nu . .



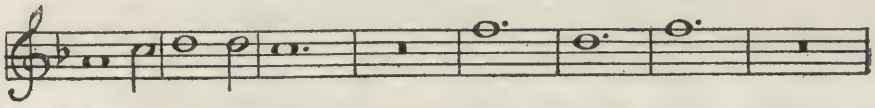
teth,
af~ter calve cu; Bul~luc ster~ bucke ver~teth



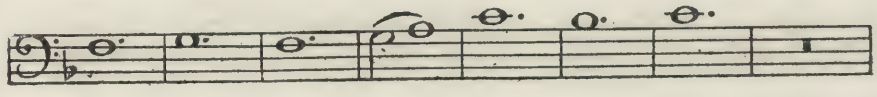
Lhouth af~ter calve cu:
Awe blet~eth af~ter lomb,



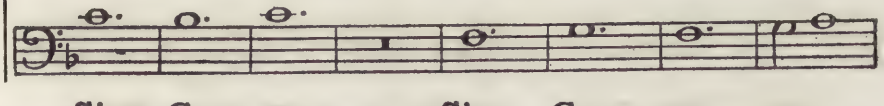
eth
Sing Cuc ~ cu. Awe blet~after lomb, Lhouth



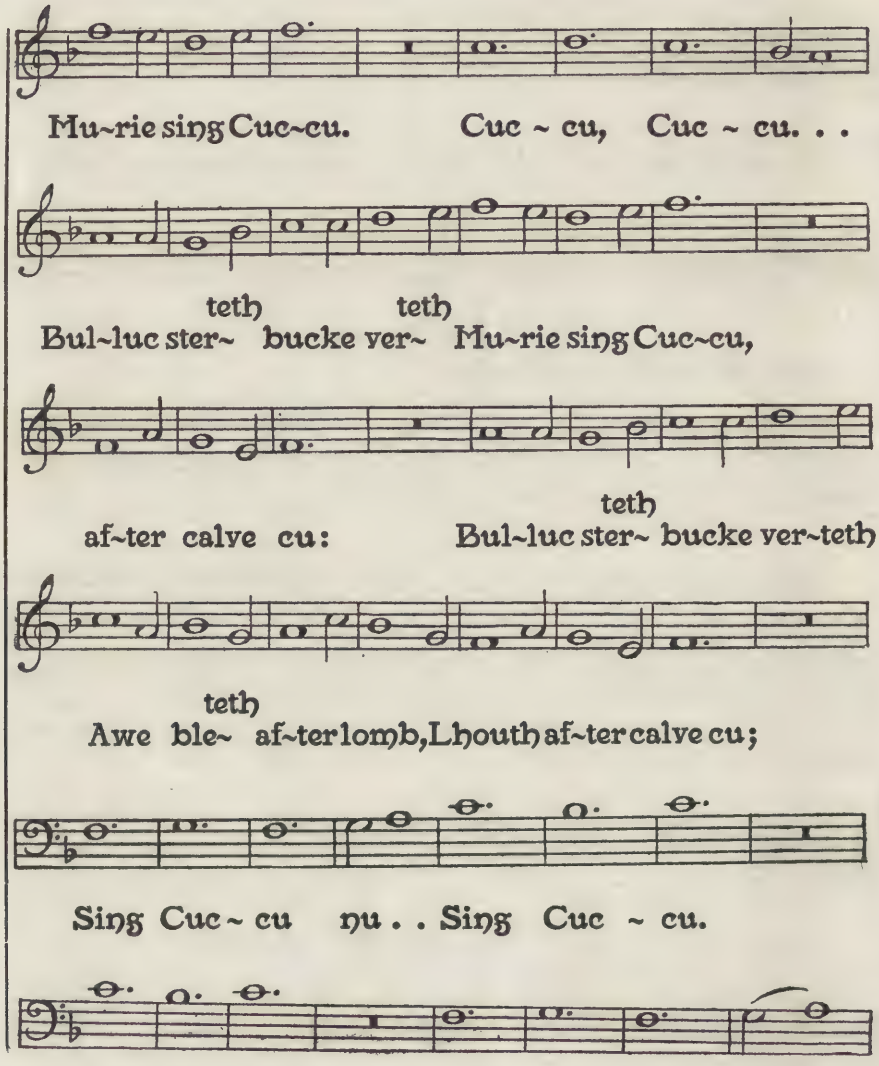
springth the w(o)de nu: Sing cuc ~ cu.

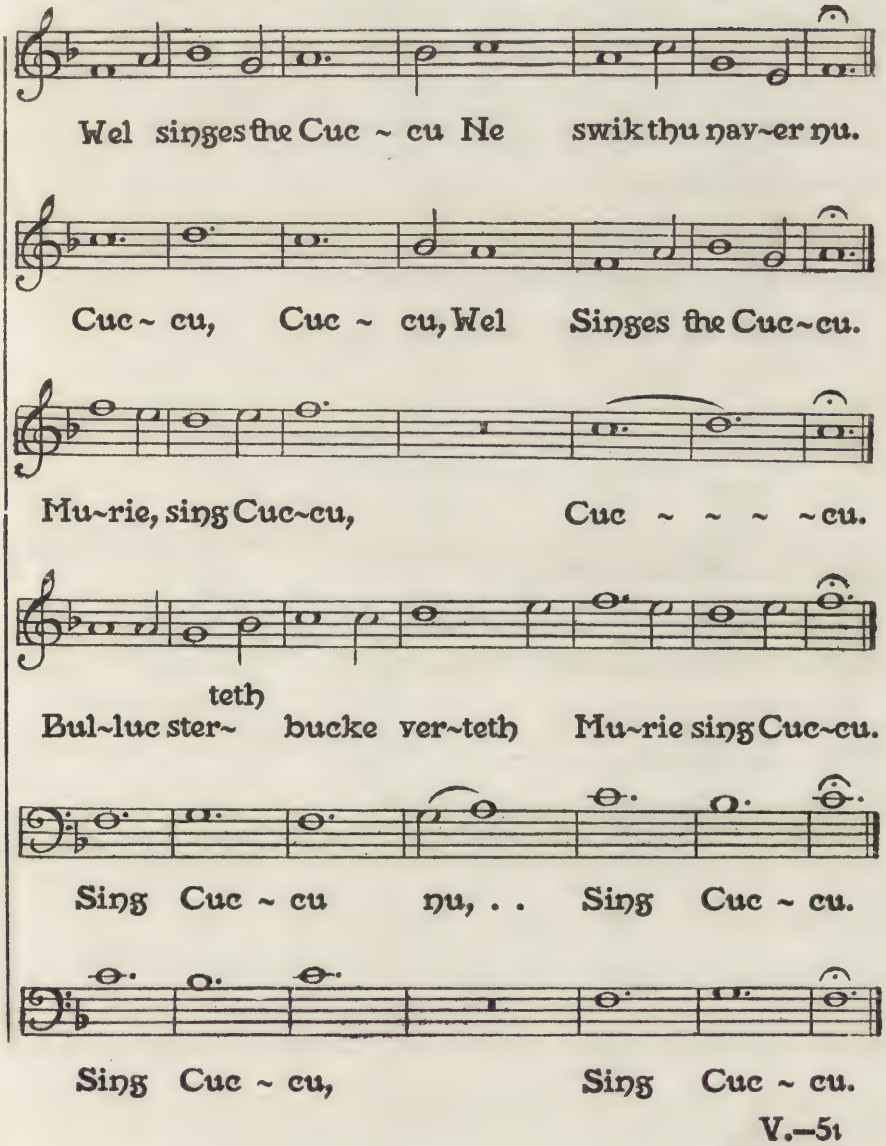


Sing Cuc ~ cu nu, Sing Cuc ~ cu.



Sing Cuc ~ cu, Sing Cuc ~ cu nu,


Mu~rie sing Cuc~cu. Cuc ~ cu, Cuc ~ cu. . .
teth teth
Bul~luc ster~ bucke ver~ Mu~rie sing Cuc~cu,
teth
af~ter calve cu: Bul~luc ster~ bucke ver~teth
teth
Awe ble~ af~ter lomb, Lhouth af~ter calve cu;
Sing Cuc ~ cu nu . . Sing Cuc ~ cu.
Sing Cuc ~ cu. Sing Cuc ~ cu nu . .


Wel singes the Cuc ~ cu Ne swik thu nav~er nu.
Cuc ~ cu, Cuc ~ cu, Wel Singes the Cuc~cu.
Mu~rie, sing Cuc~cu, Cuc ~ ~ ~ ~cu.
teth
Bul~luc ster~ bucke ver~teth Mu~rie sing Cuc~cu.
Sing Cuc ~ cu nu, . . Sing Cuc ~ cu.
Sing Cuc ~ cu, Sing Cuc ~ cu.

Summer is come in,
  Loud sing, Cuckoo!
Groweth seed, and bloweth mead,
  And spring'th the wood now.
    Sing Cuckoo!

Ewe bleateth after lamb,
  Loweth after calf (the) cow;
Bullock starteth, buck verteth,
  Merry sing, Cuckoo!
Well sing'st thou, Cuckoo,
Nor cease thou never now.

R19